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THE

HISTORY

OF

MISS INDIANA DANBY.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY A LADY.

VOL. III.



LONDON,

Printed for T. LOWNDES, in Fleet-Street.

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HISTORY



Printed for T. Lowndes, in Fleet Street

MDCCCLXXXIII

ADVERTISEMENT.

THESE Volumes finish the History of *Indiana Danby*; but the Public will please to observe that three Months are elapsed since the Date of Mrs. *Bevill's* Letter at the End of the Second Volume: and I have not been able to recover any of those which were wrote during that Interval.

THE EDITOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THESE Volumes in the Library
of Indian Songs, for the People
will please to observe that these Volumes
are placed face the back of the first
I have in the hand of the second Volume
and I have not been able to remove any
of those which were written during the
interval.

THE EDITOR.

THE
H I S T O R Y
O F
Miss Indiana Danby.

LETTER I.

To Miss FANNY FREEMORE.

WHAT I am going to intrust my dear Fanny with is a secret, which I have strict injunctions to conceal from our Indiana. Never was there so true, so disinterested a friend as the amiable Manly. He dreads lest he should pain her sympathizing heart by

the knowledge of his misfortunes; but his generous precautions will be in vain, the affair will soon be public.

I told you in my last visit, that he had quitted the army, oppressed with melancholy for his disappointed love. He has no longer a relish for the busy scenes of life, but seeks to indulge that melancholy in retirement. From this retreat, however, he was unexpectedly summoned by a letter from his elder brother, whom he had for many years believed dead.

In order to understand the present situation of his affairs, it is necessary to look back to his father's first marriage. I had the following particulars from himself—The late Mr. Manly married while at college a young woman unknown to his family. A more perfect knowledge of his bride's character convinced him of his rash imprudence, and left him no hopes of recon-

reconciling his friends to the fatal step he had taken. What added to his perplexity, was the proposal of an alliance with a lady of rank and fortune, whom his father had made choice of, and strenuously insisted on his marrying; and to whom, on being introduced, he found it impossible to make the least objection. On the contrary, a more intimate acquaintance inspired him with the most fervent passion. He now thought of nothing, but how to free himself from his first engagement..

Too justly despising the connection he had entered into, he endeavoured to bribe the woman to resign her pretensions, promising to make her fortune. His he convinced her was desperate if his father should discover his imprudence. Her refusing to agree to his proposal would be the utter ruin of them both. He knew his father's inflexible temper, who might out of resentment disinherit him, and made no doubt that

would be the consequence, if informed of the fatal secret.

Those arguments were not fruitless. The woman had no particular attachment to him. She had artfully drawn him into a marriage, with hopes of making her fortune, which was before desperate. That view would be most securely answered, if she consented to his proposal. For her character she had little regard; and, provided her mercenary schemes succeeded, could, without much regret, give up the honour of being publicly acknowledged his wife.

After repeated conferences and mature deliberation, she thought it wisest to agree to his terms.—It was with great reluctance the Colonel revealed this faulty part of his father's conduct, and not without softening the account as much as truth would permit.—To be short, he married Lady
Louisa

Louisa Stroud ; that was the name of his second wife.

One may easily guess his bridal happiness was not without alloy. Conscious guilt must imbitter its sweets ; nor was he without apprehension lest the woman, on whose promise he could have but little dependance, should, notwithstanding her engagement to the contrary, endeavour to assert her right.

His fears were strengthened by the exorbitant demands she made on him for money ; which, however extravagant, he durst not refuse. For four months he lived in one continual state of anxiety, when, to his infinite joy, death released him from his tormentor.

She died in bringing into the world a son, of whom he had but little reason to believe himself the father ; nevertheless,

he took all imaginable care of his education. In a few weeks after the Elder Manly died likewise; and now he determined to reveal the secret, that had so long preyed upon his spirits, to his Lady.—This was necessary, as, till the ceremony of their marriage was repeated, she was not lawfully his wife.—Shocked as she was at first, he soon, from the sweetness of her disposition, obtained her forgiveness; and they were again privately married in due form.

Before the year expired, she was delivered of our amiable friend Manly. Great were the rejoicings at the birth of this—as every body believed—son and heir. As they had no other children, their whole study was to accomplish his mind and person. You will allow, my dear Fanny, never pains was more successfully bestowed—mean time his brother was not neglected. At the age of sixteen Mrs. Manly procured him

him a commission in a marching regiment, which soon after was ordered abroad. The secret of his birth was carefully concealed from him; but from the care and friendship of Mr. Manly, he, and those who were intrusted with the care of his education, concluded he was his natural son.

From the time he left England till Mr. Manly's death, he kept up a regular correspondence with him. This correspondence was no secret to our friend the Colonel, who, like the rest of the world, believed him to be his natural brother, and, in that belief, conceived a friendship for him; but what was his surprize, when on his death-bed Mr. Manly discovered to him the particulars I have related!—From that moment he generously determined to yield him that estate, to which he now found he had no just title.—His parents were both dead; there was nobody to oppose his noble disinterested resolution.—

He immediately wrote to him, informed him of his birth, and bid him hasten home to the enjoyment of a fortune, which with pleasure he resigned.

He now daily expected his return, when he received an account of his death.—He made diligent enquiry into the truth of this report, and received the strongest confirmation.—Thus he became undoubted heir to an estate, which none could so justly merit, and which for several years he has enjoyed—But behold this brother—or some impostor, the latter I am apt to believe, is now come home, indigent in his circumstances, with a large family of children, and claims his birth-right.

The letter so long since wrote by the Colonel is produced—He has been asked why he did not sooner avail himself of his good fortune?—On which he tells a romantic tale of his having been wounded
and

and left for dead—of his being carried off by some Indians. Lastly, of his being sold for a slave, marrying his master's daughter, who, with great difficulty, effected his deliverance, and restored him to freedom from all chains, but the silken bands of matrimony.—Mrs. Bevill's advice is, that he should consult his lawyer on the affair--But his answer was, "No, " my friend, much rather would I be " deprived of my right, than run the risk " of injuring him, whose large family " make the contested fortune so necessary " to him; nor indeed could he doubt " the proofs he gave of his being the " person he pretended to be. A very " moderate income," continued he, " will " satisfy me. Love has conquered my " ambition. Unsuccessful in that—what " has the world now in its power to bestow?—Let him take the estate—Ah! " how little do I value it!—My Indiana " is lost to me—What then in life is left " worthy

“worthy of my least regard?”——Oh! dear! dear!——What strange notions have these *loveyers*? Poor romantic souls!——If he thinks of living upon that, I fear he will find it woefully thin diet; and if he so easily gives up this said fortune, he will have little else to subsist on——But I am beginning to treat the affair with too much levity——This constitutional foible of mine will still predominate, in spite of the various reasons I have to be grave——Oh! one thought of my Indiana instantly puts each lively folly to flight——She is, alas!——She is still unhappy——I am going to write to the dear creature——Her last informs me she is continually engaged in controversy with their reverend pastor, he endeavouring to prove the unlawfulness of rash vows, she defending one at least——The Marchioness and Mrs. Beverly sit smiling by, no doubt secretly praying for success to the honest man’s arguments——Would to heaven mine could add to their weight!

weight! I have made Bevill select from his library some musty authors to assist my natural eloquence; one of them, which I have just dipped into, is in the true Jesuitical strain; treats of all possible cases of conscience, and turns and twists an argument in a manner that would almost persuade one black is white—I'll have another dose of it; then, full fraught with sophistry, fall on her pell-mell—Adieu, my sister! Our poor disconsolate Colonel is below—I go to sooth his mind—I mean, if I can——

Yours,

CLARA BEVILL.

LETTER

L E T T E R II.

To the Same.

THIS unsatiable harpy—vile wretch !
after such an example of generosity
as the dear Manly has set him—I have not
patience to think of the creature.—What
will Indiana say when informed of her
amiable friend's misfortunes!—but for
her abominable vow, I know how she
ought to act; yet if she could now reward
his constant unabated passion, his punc-
tilious delicacy would oppose his happi-
ness, and raise fresh obstacles to his feli-
city; though surely two such noble worthy
hearts were formed for each other.—Dear
rash girl; what could tempt her, with all
her good sense, to flatter herself as she has
done?—Alas! we poor female souls were
not born for freedom; for to what end do
we practise all our arts, and put on all our
graces,

graces, but to be deprived of it? but then to lose it as Indiana and you have done—intolerable! —I have some consolation—a companion in my bondage, while you, disconsolate solitary damsels, are doom'd to spin out the tedious thread of life neglected and forlorn.

You know the Mahometan opinion of a single life; should there be any truth in it, you have made a pretty hand of yourself. Increase and multiply is with them the law and gospel—Did this tenet of their religion prevail here, I think I see the distress of our British spinsters, now matrimony is so little in vogue; considering what was at stake, they would certainly be obliged to petition for mercy, the lords of the creation: “Ah, Sir! if you have
“no regard for my body, have a little
“compassion on my soul.”—I enjoy in idea the ridiculous scene.

Pardon

Pardon me, Fanny, this levity is only in my pen. My heart is sad; I feel, feverely feel the distress of our friend—the colonel yesterday took leave of us; he was in better spirits than I expected, considering his reverse of fortune; but love and disappointment have made him a perfect philosopher.—I find his vile brother, tho' he mention'd him with generous candour, has not abated the least tittle of what he pretends to have a right to demand.—Wretch! what an unfeeling heart must he possess—the colonel avoided entering into the particulars of his affairs; but one may easily guess they can be in no very flourishing condition.

Bevill hinted at his going into the army again; offered his interest if his own was not sufficient; and not only his interest, but whatever money he had occasion for, if he chose to purchase.

He

He expressed his gratitude in warm terms; but declined the favour, as he called it.—I looked at him, and sighing, You flatter'd us with the name of friends, said I; but I find you never really esteemed us such; you will not make us happy; friendship admits not of this false delicacy.—Ah! colonel, do not let pride usurp the place we wish to possess in your heart.

He arose, and with emotion pressing my hand between his, My dear, my ever amiable Mrs. Bevill, how have I merited those unjust reproaches? Did I refuse to apply to you when my dearest interest was at stake? Did I not joyfully submit to the obligations you were continually laying me under, when you generously pleaded with the most lovely of her sex in my favour? Am I the less indebted because my charming mediatrix was unsuccessful in my cause? Call me not proud for declining

clining your present offers of service, nor suspect the sincerity of my friendship ; of yours and Mr. Bevill's I need no new proof ; and while assured of that, wonder not that I so little regard the frowns of fortune. I have still a sufficiency left for the plan of life I have laid down ; retirement is my choice, and was so before the change in my affairs made it necessary.

And will you leave us then ? cried I in a doleful accent. Bevill smiled.—Do you know, my dear Manly, said he, if I were not sure you had no heart to bestow, I should be half jealous of my wife's attachment to you ? but I console myself that love never did, nor can long subsist without hope. I think you never gave her any.

The colonel is an instance that your maxim is not without exception, interrupted I ; for has he not long, nay does he not still love without that encouraging flatterer ?

flatterer? Do not then be too secure in regard to me. The colonel joined in our raillery with his usual wit; but I saw in the midst of his affected pleasantry his heart was sad, and frequent involuntary sighs escaped him. He staid with us more than an hour. When the chaise which he had ordered to carry him to —— appeared, he arose, and taking my hand, Have you any commands to your angel friend? said he, in a faltering accent. I am going to bid her a last adieu; and then — he could not proceed. I burst into tears — he abruptly left the room.

Ah! Fanny, my dear Fanny! why was a man like this born to such misfortunes! — Indiana and him, had I no other proofs, would be sufficient to convince me of a future state of rewards and punishments; for surely virtue will at length meet its just reward — here's gravity for you — now
are

are you delighted—'tis quite in the nunish stile; but I am just going to drop it.—No, pray don't, you cry.—Pardon me, my dear, however delectable sermonizing may be to you, it would cost me no small pains to proceed. Should I attempt to go on in the melancholy strain, you would soon be convinced I was forced, as it were, in spite of nature, and my stars, to write.

So adieu!

Yours,

CLARA BEVILL.

LETTER

L E T T E R III.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

WITH added years, since life gives
nothing new ;
But like a sieve let's every pleasure through :

—Why am I complimented with wishes which I so little desire to be effectual ? This is my birth-day, and those lines naturally occurred to me—Ah, my friend, who can more justly apply them to their own case than your Indiana ? But 'tis too much to be always in the plaintive strain. I shall weary out your patience—and why am I so ?—Do I not enjoy a thousand blessings ? Was not the single life my choice on mature deliberation ? Yes, my Clara, and still remains so ; but then the constant sadness of my amiable parent affects me. She believes me unhappy.

I cannot persuade her to the contrary.—
'Tis true, disappointments have damped
the chearfulness of my temper. But I am
tranquil and composed.—What more ought
we to expect in this state of imperfection?
Could I but see this dear mother more re-
conciled to my fate ; were my loved Mrs.
Beverly less affected with the conduct of
her still wild and imprudent son, my ut-
most wish would be gratified. Your ac-
count of lady Caroline gives me great
uneasiness.—Poor thoughtless creature ! is
it thus she hopes to regain her husband's
affections ? But by what you tell me, that
is the least of her study. Is it possible she
should be happy, living as she does ? No ;
in spite of her continual round of dissipa-
tion, a melancholy thought must now and
then intrude. She once loved the roving
Beverly.—Why do I sigh at the mention
of love ? —But this place, formerly a scene
of so much joy, will frequently recall plea-
sures that I must never hope to taste again.
Why

Why is my heart so susceptible? Why is it not satisfied with the pure and unmixed delights of friendship?—It is. I accuse it wrongfully. But they teize me, my dear. —The worthy Mr. Brathwait—he means it for the best;—yet to what purpose should he argue with me? Why raise scruples in my mind, which I can neither conquer nor remove? He would persuade me the voluntary choice of a single life is contrary to the will of heaven; that it is selfish, and frustrates the end of our creation.

I quote St. Paul on the occasion. He tells me I do not understand the text; that St. Paul himself was a married man, as were most of the apostles.—I endeavour to silence him, by reminding him of my awful vow; upon which he turns to the Bible, and audibly reads: “If a woman also
“vow a vow unto the Lord, and bind
“herself by a bond, being in her father’s
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“ house in her youth ; then if her father
“ disallow her in the day that he heareth
“ it, not any of her vows or bonds, where-
“ with she hath bound her soul, shall
“ stand ; and the Lord shall forgive her,
“ because her father disallowed her vow.”

“ Now, Madam,” continues the good
man, with an air of triumph, “ what be-
“ comes of this bugbear of a vow ?—
“ your parent disallows it, to speak in the
“ language of holy scripture ; it is there-
“ fore, to all intents and purposes, null
“ and void.”

An agreeable surprize, my dear Clara !
I am this moment informed the colonel is
below. I hasten to welcome the worthy
man.

Adieu !

Yours,

INDIANA DANBY.

LETTER

L E T T E R IV.

TO MRS. BEVILL.

I FIND though my dear Clara has always told me truth, she has not told me all the truth. Why were the colonel's misfortunes concealed from me? I should have been less shocked, had my friend been the relater: she would have softened the melancholy account. My surprise at the abrupt manner in which it was mentioned, almost overcame my spirits.—Some neighbouring family dined with us on the day of his arrival: they began in the usual unmeaning forms, to condole with him on his reverse of fortune; though I could observe a secret satisfaction in the midst of their affected grief.

The generality of people are much more liberal of their pity than congratulations.

—I was amazed; and the colonel a good deal embarrassed. He endeavoured to change the conversation, nor did I then seek an explanation: but, in the afternoon, I asked him to accompany me in a walk.—He complied, with that obliging readiness with which he has ever endeavoured to gratify my every wish.—He affected an air of chearful composure, while I besought him to tell me what new misfortune had befallen him.—He could not refuse me the particulars, though I could see he generously wished to conceal them from me.—I was greatly affected, and, to appearance, stood more in need of consolation than himself. In reality, he made slight of the affair, launched out in praise of retirement; and described in glowing language the rural beauties of the little estate he is still master of.

I listened in silence, while the sympathizing tear stole down my cheek. He wiped off

off the falling drop, with inexpressible tenderness in his looks and manner. Generous, lovely, Indiana! cried he, with emotion, I cannot bear this goodness.

Now, indeed, I am unhappy, since I have the misfortune to afflict your gentle heart. O hide those moving tears; my philosophy is too weak for this trial.—I left him a little abruptly—At that moment my vow was almost forgot; and I was on the point of making him an offer of my hand and fortune, as some reparation for the loss he had sustained, and borne with such becoming fortitude.—Had I been free, gratitude for a passion like his,—friendship,—heaven knows what would have been the consequence of such powerful pleaders in his favour. But a few minutes recollection shewed me my inability to reward his merit.

He would have left us on the second day of his visit ; but Mamma's and Mrs. Beverley's pressing importunities, still detained him.—This most delicate of men has greatly changed his behaviour to me : he still professes the warmest friendship, but cautiously avoids the least hint of love. O that I could make him happy ! if my fortune could contribute to it how readily would I share it with him.—This is impossible—Were I man indeed—but we poor females—

Custom must be our guide, by age grown
blind—

Severe to all, but most to woman-kind.

Did I tell you of the intimacy that now subsists between Miss Boothby and me ? It commenced as soon as the colonel left the country : his being here, she told me, was the only reason for denying herself the long wished-for pleasure, as she was pleased to call it, of my acquaintance.—She is
a most

a most amiable engaging woman ; we sometimes in our tête à tête mention the agreeable Manly : it is, I find, a pleasing subject to her ; neither time nor disappointment has been able to damp the fervor of her passion.—What would I give—but I dare not indulge the pleasing hope.—No, this change in his fortune has thrown fresh obstacles in the way of its accomplishment ; he is above all mercenary considerations. If her love, perhaps too frankly avowed, could not excite a return, her fortune, to one of his disinterested way of thinking, will have but few attractions.—Oh ! a card from the very lady I am speaking of : she has been some weeks in London : she intends us a visit this evening—little does she think who is our guest—ought I not to inform her the colonel is here ? I fear her surprise and emotion at the unexpected sight of him—Yes, I will write. I should wish to be prepared on a like occasion.—Our friend too, may chance to be a little

embarrassed. — 'Tis too late; her carriage is at the gate: I tremble for her— Oh! I foresee her confusion; would it had been in my power to prevent it—But adieu. I see her enter the house: I will not close my letter till I add a few particulars of her visit.

IN CONTINUATION.

On entering the drawing room, I found only Mrs. Beverly with our guest: Mamma and the Colonel had strolled into the park.—Miss Boothby ran to embrace me. I expressed my joy at her return, and was hastening to inform her who she must soon expect to see make his appearance; but before the words were uttered, open flew the door, and in came the redoubtable swain, leading the marchioness—My friend stood with her back towards them.—On hearing somebody enter, she hastily turned round—she started—her colour changed;

ed ; and, faltering out an incoherent compliment to Mamma, ſhe hurried to a ſeat, hardly knowing what ſhe did. The poor Colonel was in no leſs confuſion : he made her a reſpectful bow, and placed himſelf at ſome diſtance from her, not daring to glance his eyes to that ſide of the room where ſhe was. You, my gay friend, might perhaps have enjoyed a ſcene ſufficiently ridiculous : but far different was the effect it had on me. I endeavoured to relieve them from their embarrassment, by ſome trifling ſubject : I believe it was that never-failing topic, the weather ; for I remember the Colonel ſagaciouſly obſerved it was very warm, though in reality it was one of the cooleſt evenings we have had this ſeaſon ;—but that was a trifle ; to ſay ſomething was all that was neceſſary. My ideas were not much clearer than his. It is certain, for the firſt ten minutes, our converſation was a kind of croſs purpoſe, and we might juſtly be ſaid to ſpeak and

yet say nothing. Miss Boothby was silent, but her fan was not unemployed ; though, as I before said, no heat but the gentle flame of love could make it necessary.

Before the tea-equipage made its appearance, we began to regain some degree of composure ; and the Colonel had so much presence of mind, as, on observing the servants not immediately fetching the fair one's cup, to hasten, in his usual graceful manner, to perform that little service to the blushing and sweetly smiling Miss Boothby, whose lips trembled while she apologized for the trouble she gave him ; which was answered by a respectful bow. He resumed his seat : the servants retired ; and the remainder of the visit passed off with tolerable ease on all sides.

Just before she left us, she drew me aside, and pressing my hand, " O Miss " Danby," whispered she, " I am undone !
" why

"why did I see this dangerously charming man?—Hush," added she, seeing me about to answer, "he is here."

He took her hand to lead her to the carriage. She looked back at me with meaning in her eyes; "To-morrow morning, my dear Indiana," cried she, "I expect the pleasure of your company; I have a thousand things to say to you."

"I suppose so—this evening's visit will be sufficiently canvassed, I make no doubt."

The Colonel was unusually thoughtful after she was gone. Pray heaven she was the subject of those thoughts! Adieu, my Clara, my friend. I am going to write to our dear Fanny: need I tell you I am ever

Yours,

INDIANA DANBY?

LETTER V.

To Miss DANBY.

ALAS, poor Colonel! a male creature runs away with his estate, and a female seems inclined to run away with himself—That same Miss What d'ye call her is a pretty comely damsel, by all accounts—Forgive me, Indiana, but I have otherways disposed of our friend. I shall absolutely forbid the bans.

My prophetic spirit, which you know I sometimes boast of, foretells a happier fate for him; and in his I included a certain fair nymph, who will, I hope, at length be convinced of the crying sin of celibacy. I enter the list with your right reverend: read the inclosed elaborate piece of eloquence, child; read it, I say, three times every

every morning fasting; once at night, then place it under the small pillow that graces your ladyship's bed; and be sure to dream of a tall, genteel, military beau, with black eyes, white teeth, and dimpled smiles—My life for it, the charm will operate if you follow my prescriptions—None of those frowns, Indiana—I am in a gay humour; let me indulge it: the duce is in it if we have not had enough of the solemn, weeping, wailing, &c. &c. &c. Yes, I will indulge this dawn of hope that revives my soul. Dear dear creature, be propitious to our wishes, allowing the violation of your abominable unnatural vow to be a sin; all sins by sincere repentance shall be forgiven: and if you do not by this time heartily, violently, and most unfeignedly repent; why then child, I say it's a miracle; that's all. The very infirmity so natural to our sex, would convince me that you did, had you even made a more eligible choice. Was Indiana
Danby,

Danby, endowed with every grace of mind and person, ever designed for that peevish prim unfociable thing, called an Old Maid?—Ridiculous, unnatural—it is absolutely flying in the face of heaven.—But for the prosecution of this argument, vide my sermon.

I lay down my pen to indulge my mirth. Only think of your gay Clara's turning a casuistical divine.—Well, positively, one could not conceive a more extraordinary metamorphosis.—Now I see your sweet little mouth pursed up, and all your features expressing that pretty resentment which my levity so often excites. What a comfortable lecture should I have, were I with you, when you peruse this curious epistle!—Ah, would to heaven I were, though I was to be scolded, nay, bear, for my ill-timed mirth, as I know my dear saucy-face will call it.—Heigh-ho! the thoughts of the distance between us has made me grave.—Now is the time, could
I keep

I keep in one humour two minutes together, to write to you: I know you delight in the plaintive strain; but it is changed already. Is it in nature to be grave, when I recollect the ridiculous behaviour of that consummate coquette lady Caroline; and I am going to talk of her?

There never was such a piece of modish affectation—when in all the pride of beauty, her airs and graces—no, even then they were scarce supportable.—But now, when that cruel enemy to fine faces has made such ravages in her's, to lisp, and ogle, to nick-name God's creatures, is past all enduring.

Her ladyship yesterday honoured me with a visit, accompanied by her sister. I had not presence of mind enough to give orders to be denied to her, or I should certainly have saved myself from that torrent of impertinence which for more than an hour I was forced to endure with none

of the most Christian patience.——In she fluttered; her dress tout à fait à la mode de Paris.

“ My dear Mrs. Beville, I am infinitely
“ rejoiced to find you in good health ; it
“ is an age since I had the happiness of see-
“ ing you : but I have such an inundation
“ of engagements”—and down she sunk
into a chair, as if fatigued with the bare
recollection of them.

“ O Madam, one must not hope to en-
“ gross much of the company of you fine
“ ladies ; you are a public good.”

“ Why really, my dear,” interrupted
she, interpreting my speech into a compli-
ment, “ the public are infinitely indebted
“ to us.”

“ That is without dispute,” said I ; “ for
“ you certainly treat them sufficiently often
“ with

“with a sight of your charms—but would
“not this treat be still more prized if they
“seldomer enjoyed it?”

“Lard, child,” cried she with an affected laugh, “what mighty sober notions
“you have imbibed since you have commenced that domestic thing a wife!”

“You allow then,” returned I, “that
“a wife is a domestic being.”

“Why aye,” said she, “in the age of
“Methusalem they might be so; but we
“moderns have more spirit: commend
“me to my favourite Ovid’s advice—

In every public place by turns be shown;
In vain you’re fair, while you remain
unknown.—

Repeating with a theatrical air.

“I may

“ I may answer this well chosen quotation,” said I, “ with another equally true.”

“ Beauty soon grows familiar to the eye:
“ And we have been told too much familiarity breeds contempt.”

“ Bless me, my dear, you are mighty grave and sententious all of a sudden : is it in nature that you should be the once gay, witty Miss Freemore ? The old dowagers of the grove have quite spoilt you, child ; but now I mention them, how are the good sober antiques ?”

“ If I could guess who you mean by that epithet, I should be better able to answer your question.”

“ My

“ My stars ! Mrs. Bevill, you absolutely
“ amaze me. This affected gravity fits as
“ awkwardly on you as Lady B—’s false
“ curls.”

“ Bright simile, Lady Caroline ; but in
“ spite of your smartness, I am going to
“ ask a very grave question. When did
“ you hear from Mr. Beverly ?”

“ Grave !” cried she, laughing, “ it is
“ the very quintessence of gravity. When
“ did I hear from Mr. Beverly ? I will
“ take my death I cannot recollect when I
“ heard from him.” “ Do you ? Julia,”
turning to her sister. “ O, now I remem-
“ ber : it was the very day I was going to
“ the duchess of N——’s masquerade :
“ What on earth could you be doing that
“ you was not there ; not a creature alive
“ of any taste but yourself was absent. O
“ it was the most divine assembly—I shall
“ never

“ never forget the envy of that affected
“ prude, Bell Draper, when she saw how
“ I was followed by her dear Lord G—;
“ he has an infinite deal of wit, and is ab-
“ solutely the very prettiest fellow I know.
“ Do not you remember the compliment
“ he paid me, Julia, when he first accost-
“ ed me?—I am sure you do not know
“ me,” said I.

“ Ah, how can I fail?” returned he,
“ since by her graceful steps, the queen of
“ love is known.

“ Poor neglected Bell was close at my
“ elbow: she fluttered her fan to tatters
“ with vexation. I do love to mortify
“ those conceited creatures who think them-
“ selves handsome. She is a most consum-
“ mate prude too, and rails unmercifully at
“ every innocent freedom; but innocent
“ freedoms are not to her taste, though
“ the

“ the town belies her, if she is as squeamish to others of a different nature.”

In this manner she ran on ; nor was out of breath till she had demolished the reputation of half her acquaintance : but to describe the airs and graces that accompanied what she uttered, is impossible. I absolutely think she is a thousand times more vain than when she had a title to be so—nor is there any thing uncommon in this. People who have but a doubtful pretension to what they wish to be possessed of, are generally most tenacious of their imaginary right. Who so proud as your half-bred gentry ?—Poor insignificant creature ! how I despise her !

This same amazing pretty fellow, Lord G—, if the town does not belie her, to use her own expression, is sufficiently in her good graces — She has infected me — I know you will chide me for this hint ; I must

must own it borders rather upon scandal, and that is a species of wit particularly adapted to your taste.

No more complaints of short letters—One, two, three; absolutely a little volume. Adieu, my lovely, best loved friend. Bevill sends you his kindest wishes. Mine to all the worthies of your hall—our hero in particular—Do not be refractory, Indiana, or you will violently

Offend yours,

CLARA BEVILL.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

HAD I not been prevented from returning an immediate answer to my dear Clara's letter, you should not have been disappointed of the expected lecture, and which you most richly deserve: but now my resentment is a little subsided. Nor is this all; my thoughts are at present so totally engrossed by the affecting scene I have been engaged in, that I cannot particularly answer the exceptionable part of your, too full of levity as it is, welcome epistle.

Ah, my dear, poor Colonel Manly has bid me, I fear, an eternal adieu! Till this morning he has cautiously avoided giving me any hints of the continuance of his passion—

sion—but the prospect of our separation got the better of the painful restraint he had imposed upon himself—He now sought an opportunity of speaking to me in private—What a conversation!—I was excessively moved at his grief—but he no longer sued for a return of passion: he rather, if possible, exaggerated the unfurmountable obstacles that were placed between him and his wishes. He condemned his weakness in coming to the grove—absence, he said, was the only probable remedy for his hopeless love. He must, for the future, deny himself the happiness of seeing me. Yes, he would tear himself from all he held dear on earth, and bury himself in a joyless retirement; for joyless every place must be to him when I was absent. But why do I dwell on the melancholy scene! He is gone; that unparalleled friend, that most worthy of his sex: and I, who earnestly wish his felicity, am, alas! the cause of his distress.

Poor

Poor Miss Boothby too — how I pity her! She heard he was going, and came privately to the hall. I was surprised when informed of her unexpected visit. She begged leave to go into my dressing room, that from the windows which front the road she might see him depart.

“One last look,” said she with emotion, “I may be indulged in. I know “your gentle heart, my Indiana,” continued she, “will rather sympathize in my “sorrow, than too severely condemn my “involuntary weakness.”

I embraced, and led her to the apartment, where I was obliged to leave her to her melancholy reflections.

When the colonel was gone, I hastened up to her; she had cast herself into a chair, almost lifeless: it was with difficulty I could prevent her fainting. I endeavoured to sooth her.

“ Ah, my friend, my indulgent friend,” cried she, “ how I expose myself! I blush
“ at my folly; yet why should I be ashamed to acknowledge my partiality for
“ an object so every way worthy my regard. My heart was lost before I had
“ leisure to call my pride or reason to my aid. This heart, which others have
“ found no easy conquest, is also become a
“ voluntier in love, and yields unsued
“ for.”

She ceased, and wiped her eyes; when hearing a noise on the stairs——“ O hide
“ me!” cried she, starting from her seat,
“ let

“let me not have more witnesses of my
“unhappy weakness.”

I went to the door: it was only one of the maids passing to another room—Miss Boothby followed me.

“Adieu! my friend,” whispered she.
“Let me take this opportunity to escape
“unnoticed. I should die with confusion
“were any of the family to see me. Con-
“scious of my motives for coming here,
“I dare not meet the penetrating eyes
“of Mrs. Beverley or the Marchioness.”
She pressed my hand between hers, and hurried down the back stairs. I followed and accompanied her to the carriage which waited for her at the entrance to the Park.

On my return I found mamma, Mrs. Beverley, and Mr. Braithwait, in deep

consultation, which my presence interrupted; by which I guessed the subject they had been engaged in. The good man arose and led me to a seat; hem'd, and placed himself by me, without quitting my hand.

“Well, Doctor,” said I, smiling, “what new arguments have you been collecting? I guess by the importance of your looks, you are going to renew the old topic.”

“I am indeed, Madam,” answered he; “and may heaven give conviction to what I am about to offer!”

“Spare me,” interrupted I: “my mind is at present but little prepared for arguing.”

“Excuse

“Excuse me, dear young lady,” cried he: “if it is softened by your separation from one of the best of men, it is the very time I should chuse talk with you on an affair which your parent, your friends have so much at heart; and in which, from my great regard for yours and their happiness, I so warmly interest myself. Heaven has now put it into your power to reward one whose virtue has recommended him to its favour. Providence seems to afflict the deserving colonel Manly only with a view of facilitating his long-desired happiness.”

“If you, my charming young lady, have any generosity; if you have any gratitude for a passion so constant as his has been, now is the time to manifest that noble disinterested manner of acting, of which I have always believed you so capable.”

“ The Marchionefs, your mother, let
“ me call her, to give the more weight to
“ my perfuafions, that beft of parents, ear-
“ neftly wifhes to fee your fates united :
“ this only can fweeten the remainder of
“ thofe days, too many of which your
“ misfortunes have already imbittered. Du-
“ ty to your parent is an exprefs command-
“ ment; thofe who violate it incur the
“ higheft guilt. From your rash vow I
“ have already proved you may be dif-
“ penfed. I will even venture to abfolve
“ you, nor fear to take the punifhment
“ on myfelf.”

“ And do you,” cried I, rifing, and
“ cafting myfelf at the feet of my mother,
“ Ah! Madam, do you too think lightly
“ of my facred engagement? Pity me!
“ What can I do? alas! were I even
“ free, I fear my refractory heart would
“ ftill oppofe your wifhes.”

“ Rife,

“ Rise, my loved Indiana,” cried she ;
“ I have no wish but for your happiness.
“ I should be sorry to put any force on
“ your inclinations. I hoped that fatal
“ vow was the most material obstacle to a
“ union I own I greatly desire should take
“ place. But if you cannot return the
“ amiable Manly’s passion, there is no re-
“ medy : I must give up the flattering
“ wish I had too fondly cherished. His
“ uncommon merit endears him to me ; I
“ am concerned at his misfortunes, and
“ earnestly desired to make him amends for
“ the loss of his estate, by giving him a
“ treasure—Ah ! my child, such you ap-
“ pear to a fond parent, and such I am
“ sure he would have esteemed you.—But
“ I see you are affected,” added she, em-
bracing me, and tenderly wiping off my
tears.

“ You are too good,” said I, “ I am
“ an unhappy creature, unworthy this kind
“ indulgence.”—“ But tell me, Sir,” turning to Mr. Brathwait ; “ instruct me in
“ my duty ; you are a pious man, and capable to direct me : next to heaven I
“ certainly owe obedience to my parent ;
“ teach me, if it be possible, to reconcile
“ them in one distressing instance : renew
“ your argument ; you shall find me open
“ to conviction : but beware lest your
“ friendship for us should bias your better
“ judgment ; since those whose happiness is
“ dearer to me than life, so strenuously
“ oppose my continuing single.”

I paused, and raising my eyes to heaven,
“ O thou awful Being !” continued I,
“ whom with my whole heart I reverence,
“ instruct me how to act. I cast myself on
“ thy mercy.”

Mrs.

Mrs. Beverly arose, and taking my hand,
“compose yourself, dearest Indiana,” said
she. “You permit us to hope; and how-
“ever distant its accomplishment may be,
“the bare probability of seeing you one
“day happy, will be our consolation till
“the wished-for time arrives. You can-
“not wonder at the Marchioness’s anxiety,
“nor that she should earnestly desire to see
“her loved daughter united to some wor-
“thy man who may be her protector,
“when”——

“Oh! spare me, Madam,” interrupted
I, “I dare not look forward to that dread-
“ed event. O may I never live to expe-
“rience the loss of my estimable parent.”

“Let a regard to the happiness of that
“justly-esteemed parent then,” cried Mr.
Brathwait, “give weight to my arguments.
“If Colonel Manly is doomed to be un-

“ successful in his passion, let us yet hope
“ some other deserving man may be more
“ fortunate.”

“ Permit me to retire,” said I, turning
to my Mamma. “ I will go and petition
“ heaven for direction.”

So saying, I curt’sied, and hastened to
my apartment, with a mind in the utmost
perplexity and distress.

And now, my dear Clara — but why
should I ask your advice? I know what
it will be before you give it. Yet lightly as
you all treat this fatal vow—fatal I call it,
not from that repentance you with too much
levity suppose, but because it is so dis-
pleasing to my parent. Little as you think
of the consequence of violating it, I say I
am convinced, were I persuaded to do so,
I should

I should never after enjoy a moment's peace.

Ah ! Mrs. Bevill ! my friends are cruelly kind in their mistaken solicitude for my happiness. Why am I not suffered quietly to glide through life in that tranquility I have deliberately chosen ? I own the marriage state—but what a lottery is that !—How few like you, my Clara, draw a prize ? When they do, I freely own it is to be preferred to a single life—but after such disappointments as I have met with—no, it is impossible I should ever love again.

My amiable, my unfortunate brother, you have punctually followed my instructions : I too have kept the painful resolution I had made not to mention him ; but now let me give one more sigh to his dear memory. Alas ! what is become of him ? a secret grief preys upon my beloved mam-

ma; the more dangerous for its concealment. Is it not surprising that we have had no account of him this long long time since he left us, notwithstanding our most diligent enquiries? How should I rejoice to see him! I trust, my heart is cured of its criminal attachment; but surely I may be permitted to love him as a brother, as a friend.—I will drop the dangerous subject; it is dangerous to my peace.

Adieu!

INDIANA DANBY.

LETTER

L E T T E R VII.

To *Miss* DANBY,

I FIND my dear Indiana is determined to make me grave in spite of nature.—What a Letter is your last.—Never send me such another. I have hardly opened my lips since I received it ; and to aim at a smile would now be a fruitless attempt. I am as sober as if I had paid a visit to what's his name's cave. Have a little mercy ; if you go into the plaintives I shall absolutely be fit for no living thing. Bevill will have no reason to thank you for the metamorphosis you have caused in his help-mate.

It was but this morning he come into my dressing-room, and, like a good spouse as he is, took my hand : “ What is the matter,

“ter, my dear Clara? You seem low-spirited. Will you take an airing?”—

“No,” was my answer: short, but not very sweet.

“Well, but tell me, my dearest life, (he is a well-spoken man you know) has any thing happened to give you uneasiness?—Your friend. —I hope no new misfortune has befallen her.”

“No, again,” my laconick reply.

“You seem very fond of that little monosyllable to-day, my dear,” said he; “it is well for me it was not always so much in favour.” Did you ever suspect Beville to have wit?

“Do not pester me with questions,” cried I; “I am vexed; I am grave; I cannot speak.”

The

The nurse entered at that moment with my boy. — His fond father, spite of good examples—the man has no taste for the accomplishments of a modern husband, you may believe I frequently blush for him.

He took the child in his arms; “Go, my little prattler,” said he, “and smile your mamma into a good humour.”

He brought him to me—I believe I might so far forget myself as to kiss the dear creature—but what am I about? we mothers — O Indiana, my dear Indiana, hasten to be one, were it but to keep your friend in countenance.

One part of our conversation, however, I cannot omit, because it pleased me, and because I think it will please you. Finding every

every attempt failed to raise my dejected spirits, he at last proposed paying you a visit; said the country air would be of service to me; and for his part he longed to pay his personal respects to my fair friend. — This had the desired effect.

“Dear Mr. Bevill!” cried I, in raptures, “are you serious?”

“Yes, my dear,” returned he, smiling, “though not quite so serious as you was just now.”

“Well, positively, you are an obliging creature,” said I; “but do not trifle with me.”

“No, Clara, I never could learn that agreeable art, though a certain lady of my acquaintance, who is a perfect adept
“in

“in it, is continually setting me the example.”

“We seem to have changed characters, Bevill; you absolutely rally with infinite smartness to-day—but go on: this is your time to shine, when my wit is under an eclipse; do not be too vain, however; the cloud will disperse now you have given me such enlivening hopes.—O let me but once again see my Indiana, and I bid defiance to the spleen and all its melancholy train.”

Now, my dear Indiana, let your hand-maidens prepare my old apartment; but caution honest Martha not to be so profuse of her flowers. Do you remember how we were diverted last time I was with you, at the elegance of her taste, when with infinite pains the good soul had dizened out the room like a milk-maid's garland?—Pity to my

my weak nerves obliged me to demolish the stately fabrick of sweets she had laboured to rear. O my lovely girl! what happy scenes rush upon my memory? How many delightful tête-à-têtes have I there enjoyed with you, and will again?

Yes, Indiana, I am convinced fortune, so long perverse, will at length smile upon you, and do justice to your merit—but let us have a little more chat about this said apartment.

It 'was once yours; I think you told me you liked it because of the extensive prospect from the windows—— and you at last disliked it for a nearer prospect of a different kind, though most fair ones would have thought the last by far the most delightful. You know what I mean—a certain resemblance of a certain pretty fellow is placed exactly opposite to the foot of the
bed;

bed ; the said portrait at full length, dressed in a Spanish habit, with a book in its hand (he is a very contemplative gentleman you know) makes no small figure ; often have I examined it ; the painter has not been able with all his art to do him justice—to give the devil his due, the wretch has an inimitable face—he has, however, happily enough, caught the easy gracefulness of his person — but his eyes — no, it is himself only that can give that fire and expression which is so natural to them, at other times that soft languor which is so seducing.—Heigh-ho ! I have absolutely almost talked myself into love with him—but this is the bright side of the picture. Inconstancy, wildness, and a thousand other faults, throw so deep a shade over it, that its beauties are almost totally eclipsed.—Such is the roving Beverly ! the bitter over-balances the sweet.

O, I

O, I had almost forget to tell you, that wretch, Colonel Manly's pretended brother, as I must still think him, is endeavouring to sell the estate, in order to go abroad again. Does not this look a little suspicious? for would any man in his senses prefer a foreign clime to his native country? especially when that country is England? now too, when he is in such flourishing circumstances, and with such a collection of—brats—I was going to say: but the poor children are innocent, whatever their parents may be—but with so large a family, then let it be. Do you think any reasonable creature would be inclined to take so long a voyage as that he proposes, if he durst stay where is? Bevill is inclined to be of my opinion——but what signifies our opinion? Possession is nine points of the law.

The

The dear Manly was, I think, too passive in the affair, though the creature, indeed, produced what was esteemed sufficient proofs of his right and title, and told a very plausible story, as most people thought ; but my faith would never remove mountains ; I am in general rather inclined to the credulous.

Of the three cardinal virtues, hope is my favourite : I have spoke modestly of the first ; and for my charity, you will not think I abound in it, by the judgment I have, perhaps, without reason, formed of this man.

But for hope ! that dear cordial of life, that charming flatterer, which tells me I shall so soon see my Indiana—ah ! pray heaven it may not deceive me ! or I discard it for ever.—Adieu !

Gallop

Gallop apace, ye fiery-footed steeds, and usher in the joyful day in which I shall embrace my friend.—Till that dear time

Adieu!

CLARA BEVILL.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

TO MISS DANBY.

A DIEU! she cried, and waved her lilly hand—ah! that vile thing called parting—shall I ever forget your sweet sorrow, or sweeter form, when standing on the little green mount at some distance from the hall, your eyes followed me, till the envious carriage drove me from your sight——After you there was no object worth looking at; I reclined myself back in the coach, and lived over again in imagination the happy happy month I had spent in your dear society.

Again I rambled with you over the delightful walks that surround your castle; I

5

seemed

seemed again to listen to your plaintive voice ; nor were the rest of your worthies forgot : in particular, I feel a most violent penchant for that honest literal old soul, my fellow casuist. If he gains his cause, I shall absolutely be downright in love with him ; and he, I think, had no antipathy to my ladyship, though I sometimes made him look about him.

I tell Bevill he has marr'd my fortune. You see old and young admire me, cried I ; who knows what might have happened had I been a little less quick in my motions?

As I live, a letter from our dear Manly ! My good spouse will not suffer me to play the jealous wife, for he makes me the confidante of all his epistles : but on second thoughts, does not this over-officiousness argue a kind of consciousness of--of—I do
not

not rightly know what; but I could wish, methinks, for some pretence for a little gentle matrimonial altercation now-and-then, by way of rousing us from this dead calm: any thing for the sake of dear variety—besides, it is so unfashionable for a man and wife to have no disputes; it renders conversation so flat too—But the man is afraid to put his authority to the proof, and dares not try whether I remember the lesson I with no great fluency repeated on a certain memorable occasion—but no more trifling at present. First, I have learned to be methodical of honest Mr. Braithwait—First, I say, because I am going to transcribe the Colonel's letter. Secondly, because you will be both pleased and surprised at its contents. And lastly, because I find myself in the humour to send you a packet of insignificant chat, from which the transcribing of this letter will happily save you.

Adieu then, my best-beloved; I except none.—Be all attention, the Colonel is going to speak in his turn.

Yours ever,

CLARA BEVILL.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

TO JOHN BEVILL, Esq;

YOUR agreeable letters, my dear Bevill, greatly add to the pleasure I am beginning to taste in my calm retreat. Yes, my friend, reason and philosophy (despair too, I may add) will, I hope, at length triumph over my ill-fated passion. I remember one of your maxims was, that love could not long exist without hope; and, upon my word, now I have more strictly examined my heart, I begin to think there is some truth in your observation; for till now, I do not believe that dear delusive flatterer had ever totally abandoned me.

The adorable Indiana is still the object of my fondest esteem and admiration. Her lovely image haunts me perpetually, and gives charms to every object that surrounds me; but I am no longer unhappy, a kind of pleasing melancholy has taken possession of me. Ah! Beville, I fear I triumph without a victory: why else does this subject run away with my pen, contrary to my intentions, when I sit down to write?

I have a surprising piece of news to tell you; it is so surprising that I can scarce give credit to my senses—my estate is restored to me—you are amazed!—believe me, I am no less so—But to be more particular—I yesterday received an unexpected visit from my attorney.

“ The

“The business you intrusted to my management,” said he, “is settled, and I hope to your satisfaction. Every body allows it to be an uncommonly reasonable purchase; but your brother had immediate occasion for the money, or he would never have disposed of it on those terms.”

I stared—“What purchase?” cried I. “I do not understand you.”

“Not understand me, Sir!” repeated he.—“But perhaps you did not expect the affair would be so soon determined—I have indeed used my utmost diligence; and you are so universally esteemed—*bowing*—that few chose to bid against me. The whole estate, which every body believed to be at least worth thirty thousand pounds, is once more yours for twenty.”

“ I have brought you the writings,” continued he; “ and, according to the instructions you gave me, have paid the money I received for that purpose. You was pleased to leave the whole affair to my management, and I have reason to believe you will not accuse me of making an ill use of that trust.”

“ Mr. Manly proposes leaving England as soon as his health will permit; he thinks he enjoys it better in the climate to which he has been so long accustomed, than in this, though his native country.”

I was so astonished at what he told me, that I had not power to interrupt him. Mean time, he produced the writings, which confirmed what he said. While I pretended to be reading them, I had time to reflect in what manner I should proceed in

in so odd an affair. I at last determined to let him remain in the belief that he had acted by my order, till, if possible, I discovered who has conferred on me this unexpected, and, I must say, unwished-for obligation—My relations, though they have it amply in their power—but it is ridiculous to suppose any of them would act in this uncommonly disinterested and noble manner; since, on other more trifling occasions, I have found them so backward in instances of friendship. But who then can it be? Beville, my dear friend, help me to unravel this mystery—The generous Indiana—By heavens! if I thought—I cannot bear the supposition,—her love was all my ambition aspired to—The Marchioness—Mrs. Beverly—No! it is romantick, ridiculous, absurd, to imagine it—My thoughts are all perplexity and confusion.

I have already given orders for my journey to town——Yes, I will trace out these——what shall I call them? They meant, no doubt, to make me happy; but, on the contrary, I shall never enjoy a moment's peace till I have restored to them that gift which nothing shall prevail on me to accept. Riches is not that which is wanting to my felicity; I have experienced how little that has in its power to bestow.

Perhaps Mrs. Bevill may be able to direct my enquiries. I depend much on her known penetration; I must beg her to engage in my cause. Never man was rendered more miserable than I am by what most people would esteem an extraordinary piece of good fortune.

Adieu!

Adieu! I am impatient to be in town;
I look forward to the pleasure of seeing
you in a few days.—Believe me yours,
with perfect esteem,

CHARLES MANLY.

LETTER X.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

A FEW lines, my dear Clara—Company! how vexatious is their unseasonable interruption—I have a thousand things to say to you. — Miss Boothby is in town; perhaps you have seen her—Take care, my dear Mrs. Bevill, for the honour of our sex, be cautious how you mention what I am going to hint to you: the world is too often unfavourable in its constructions; few are able to make just allowances for the lengths to which a noble and disinterested passion may carry people.

I am almost convinced it is to her the Colonel is indebted for his good fortune: an inadyertent expression or two, which in
the

the fulness of her heart dropped from her on taking leave of me, and which this affair brings to remembrance, gives room for this suspicion.

Dear, generous girl! what can she promise herself from what she has done?—Alas! a heart must be a free gift; it is not to be purchased: nay, this oppressing obligation, as the Colonel esteems it, will rather be an obstacle, than a furtherance to her wishes. But let me not wrong her; I really believe her motives were perfectly disinterested——I talk as if I was certain it is to her he is indebted——but who else can I so justly suspect? she is rather of a romantic turn, and violent both in love and friendship—I am sent for—Be cautious, my dear Clara; I may be mistaken,—perhaps the Colonel will be able to discover his benefactor without our assistance. If it should be Miss Boothby—I

D 6

think

think gratitude—Another summons—how teasing!—I hardly know what I write. Adieu! I am all impatience for your next letter.

Yours,

INDIANA DANBY.

LETTER

LETTER XI

To Miss DANBY.

TWENTY thousand pounds principal money.—The deuce is in it if that cannot purchase a husband! No need of our sagacity, child. The Colonel and Bevill laid their wise heads together to such good purpose, that they have robbed me of the merit I intended to have made of our notable discovery.

I treasured up your mighty prudent caution, and determined to delay it till I saw their inquiries ineffectual; then would I have made a parade of my penetration.

O how I should have triumphed over these conceited lords of the creation—but
for

for your vile delicacy!—so wondrous tenacious of the honour of our sex——How effectually should I have asserted it, while I shewed the two poor puzzled wretches with what ease female wit was able to unravel a mystery, which to their stupid brains was inexplicable.

But while I deliberated, Bevill this morning enters my dressing-room, wonderment in his face; when dismissing my Abigail — “You will be surprised at what
“I am going to tell you, my dear Clara,” cried he, almost out of breath with eagerness: these men boast much of their retentive faculty. Do not you admire their arrogant pretensions?

“Never be too confident of any thing,” said I, composedly; “a wonder lasts but
“nine days; and I will lay my life I,
“have

“have known this mighty secret you are
“going to communicate, this age.”

“Impossible! my dear,” cried he, still
pluming himself on his notable discovery.

“Lord! Bevill, you are so conceited
“—— but I am determined to mortify
“your vanity——You was going to tell
“me the Colonel is indebted to—to—”
I burst into a loud laugh—The creature
was piqued.

“Your mirth is a little unseasonable,
“Madam—but as you please.”—Up he
got, and paced about the apartment, biting
his lips with great dignity in his air, as he
imagined. I likewise arose, and laying my
hand on his arm, with a gracious smile,—
“Not more unseasonable than your stately
“gravity, *Sir*,” with an emphasis, said I:
“but come, in sober sadness, let us have
“a little

“ a little more chat about this same Miss Boothby.”

He stared—“ Miss Boothby ! how the devil could you guess ?”

“ O with the greatest ease imaginable,” interrupted I, “ and that without the devil’s assistance too — but tell me, rather, how you could possibly—Do not be angry, Beville,” continued I, smiling—“ but I should never have suspected”—

“ I know what my dear saucy-face is going to say,” interrupted he.

“ Yes, I believe you may give a pretty shrewd guess : but come, let me have the particulars of this sagacious discovery.”

“ A man had need have all his wits about him,” answered he, “ when a female—
“ male—

“ male plot is formed against him — the
“ fair lady took all imaginable care to con-
“ ceal herself.”

“ O to be sure!” interrupted I, laugh-
ing; “ it is proper to premise that, or your
“ sagacity would be robbed of half its
“ merit.”

“ A truce with your smartness, Clara, or
“ I shall never come to the requested parti-
“ culars: the wished-for discovery was
“ made by means of a letter wrote by Miss
“ Boothby to one of Mr. Craven’s clerks,
“ whom she had employed in the affair, and
“ bribed to secrecy.”

“ And he by a larger bribe, was, like a
“ true man, induced to betray his trust,”
cried I.

“ There you are mistaken again,”

“ Again!”

“Again!” repeated I; “pray when was
“I mistaken before?—but proceed, I pro-
“mise you no more interruptions.”

“The letters supposed to be wrote by
“Colonel Manly’s orders,” continued he,
“were produced; they were on examina-
“tion thought to resemble the writing of
“Mr. Smith, the clerk I before mentioned;
“upon which he was questioned; but he
“positively denied the charge: he was,
“however, on our repeated interrogations,
“in some degree of confusion. This
“strengthened our suspicions that he was
“concerned in the affair. The other
“clerks were likewise examined, but easily
“convinced us they had no hand in it.
“Mr. Smith then was the only one we
“could reasonably suspect; orders were
“privately given to intercept any future
“letters that might be directed to him. It
“must

“ must be owned, we had no just right to
“ proceed in this manner ; but as no injury
“ was intended, we thought we might
“ reasonably repay plot with plot,

“ This morning we again called at Mr.
“ Craven’s, when he produced a letter for
“ his clerk, which he deferred opening till
“ we came. The direction was in a female
“ hand. The Colonel took it, and after
“ examining it with attention, I observed
“ he changed colour, eagerly felt for his
“ pocket-book, when hastily retiring to a
“ window, I saw him take out a letter
“ which he seemed to be comparing with
“ that Mr. Craven had given him.”

In a few minutes he returned to us——
“ I am almost convinced,” said he, with
emotion, “ without opening the letter, that
“ the writer is no stranger to me; but to
“ remove all doubts, I must do what yet
“ I can-

“ I cannot justify to myself.” So saying, he broke the seal, but in such a manner that it might be closed again without discovering what he had done.

It was subscribed by a feigned name; but the writing so exactly resembled that he had on a very extraordinary occasion formerly received from Miss Boothby, that not the shadow of a doubt remained as to the author. The substance of the letter was, to thank Mr. Smith for his care and diligence in the affair intrusted to his management, and contained a draught for the promised gratuity. The Colonel was frequently mentioned in it, as well as repeated injunctions of secrecy. You may believe Mr. Craven was not let into the secret, but only told in general that we had discovered who the person was that we had made such enquiry about. The letter was
sealed

sealed again, and ordered to be delivered to Mr. Smith. We then took our leave.

I was still as much in the dark as the lawyer ; till the Colonel, at my earnest request, with all the delicacy and caution an affair of that nature required, honoured me with his confidence. I was, as you may believe, exceedingly amazed ; and with the utmost sincerity congratulated my friend on so important a conquest.

He sighed ; Ah ! Bevill, I am distressed, I know not how to act. The lady is amiable ; her fortune is above my hopes ; this proof of her uncommon generosity too—but my pride——Shall she have reason to think so meanly of me as that her fortune should have more influence than her offered heart ?—Forbid it honour !—No ; I will restore to her the oppressing obligation. Had I before the change in my affairs indeed

deed known she still honoured me with her regard, since all hopes of the adorable Indiana—but now—it cannot be—Yet what shall I do?—Advise me, dear Bevill.

I did so; and with all the arguments I could collect, pressed him to consent to his own and her happiness: I shewed him the difficulty he would involve himself in if he offered to her the purchased estate, without at the same time offering himself. “There is no medium, Manly,” continued I; “you must either give her both, or keep the one, and pretend to be ignorant who is the generous donor.”

“No! that I will never submit to,” exclaimed he.

“Well then,” said I, “you cannot in honour act otherwise than I advise. Would you shock the lady’s delicacy by

“a fe-

“ a second refusal ? for the first you had
“ some excuse, a prior attachment ; but
“ now all hopes of gaining our fair unfortu-
“ nate are vanished, what can you say for
“ yourself ? ”

“ Ah ! heaven knows,” cried he ; “ but
“ it is certain I will never be bought in
“ this manner. A lady purchases an estate,
“ and a husband, as a trifle not worth
“ mentioning, is thrown into the bargain.”

I smiled — “ Adieu ! ” continued he, “ I
“ have a difficult part to act ! but some-
“ thing must be determined on, and that
“ immediately : for till the affair is settled
“ one way or other, I shall not enjoy a mo-
“ ment’s peace.”

Now, Indiana, tell me what will be the
end of all this ? For my part, I see no reme-
dy ; the man must even take her, I think ;
the

the deuce is in it, if she has not bid high enough for him: but this it is to let these male creatures know their importance.--Wretches! —There is no managing them unless they are kept at a proper distance; give them the least encouragement, and all is over; farewell submission—Yet were they not born to be our slaves? —Do not mistake me—before they are matrimonized, I mean—afterwards; alas! poor wife! nothing but love, honour, and obey, to the end of the chapter.

But to be serious—I always prepare you for that, for fear of too suddenly surprising you—to be serious, I say; I would give the world if we could bring about a match between this kind-hearted damsel and our friend. She is handsome, and except in—but who ever was wise under the influence of the little blind god? In other respects she does not want sense: nay, you
would

would persuade me she is uncommonly so; but though I do not suspect your judgment, the goodness of your heart is sometimes apt to bias it in favour of your friends, or a certain thoughtless giddy soul of our acquaintance would not with all her faults have so long been blessed with your esteem. Adieu! my hand is cramped with writing.

Yours for ever and ever,

CLARA BEVILL.

P. S. The scandalous chronicle tells some entertaining secret anecdotes of a certain lady, whose husband has left her to her own devices; and of a certain noble lord, who spares none, to gain his wicked ends, as my antiquated cousin Deborah

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E

calls

tells them. I leave you to make your own conjectures, as to the consequence of their flutteration, if her deary should come home, and suspect his help-mate of having graced his head with no uncommon, as it is said, but nevertheless, ungraceful ornaments.

LETTER

L E T T E R XII.

From Col. MANLY to *Miss* BOOTHBY.

WHAT language shall I use to express the sense I have of the obligation the amiable *Miss* Boothby has conferred upon me!—Ah! Madam, you oppress me with your generosity—Unfortunate that I am, not to have it in my power to make the least return for such unmerited goodness. I cannot esteem it any to restore to you that fortune which is—which must still be yours. Yes, Madam, you must permit me to resign my title to it. To part with the estate is a trifle; since from the noblest instance that ever was given, I am permitted to flatter myself that you honour me with your esteem—once——

Forgive me, Madam. Believe me, I would sooner die than wound your delicacy.—But may I be permitted to indulge myself in the sweet recollection of an event, which, but for a prior attachment, might have rendered me the happiest of men.

That dear hope is for ever fled! A bankrupt in all but the warmest gratitude, I dare not now solicit your hand, oppressed as I already am with obligation.—No; it would be the highest presumption.—If I had not experienced this melancholy reverse of fortune indeed, I might, could I by any other way have been, as I now am, convinced of your generous regard, I might, I say, have been tempted to solicit a still more endearing proof of it; because I should not then have been so utterly unworthy of your acceptance.

But

But honour forbids the least shadow of hope. Take back then, dear Madam, that unmerited gift, which I cannot, must not, accept;—but let me still retain your friendship and esteem, which to me is of a thousand times more value.

I have already given up the writings, and ordered them to be drawn in your name. Do not be offended; it was not a false pride that induced me to it. But could you imagine, when once I had discovered my noble benefactress, that I would suffer her for my sake so greatly to diminish a fortune, which none ever so justly merited, because none ever employed it to more beneficent purposes? It would, in my opinion, have been a public injury.

Once more then I repeat it, take back the noble gift; and with it——But why

E 3 should

should I attempt to describe my gratitude? It is not to be expressed. Judge, by what you, amiable Miss Boothby, would have felt on a like occasion: — for you who are capable of such an instance of generosity, must be equally so of the other.

Do me the justice to believe I have a no less sensible heart: put that heart to the proof, and you shall find it ever devoted to your service: for I am, with the most profound respect,

Your highly obliged, and

most obedient servant,

CHARLES MANLY.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

TO CHARLES MANLY, Esq;

IT is your friend, your Indiana, that writes. Ah! let me not find you deaf to her persuasions. Once she had some influence over her highly esteemed Manly. Miss Boothby has honoured me with her confidence; she has shewn me your letter. Her regard, her admiration, is increased.

Let me ask you, my friend, is it possible your heart should continue insensible to the united force of generosity and beauty? Can you make no return? Can you not consent to the happiness that courts your acceptance? Ah! Sir, consider that in yours is included the happiness of your

E 4

friends.

friend. For the lady's sake, for your own sake, and, let me add, for your Indiana's sake.

But what am I doing! Believe me, Miss Boothby is ignorant of my writing to you on this subject. It would wound her delicacy—No; though her heart has involuntarily disposed of itself in your favour, yet think not she would condescend to sue for yours in return: it is I only, who studious for your welfare, intreat you to consent to what I am sensible must contribute to your felicity.

I am persuaded her motives for what she did were perfectly disinterested: the precautions she took to conceal herself are a proof of it: and the confusion, the distress, to which your unexpected discovery has reduced her, confirms it.

Listen

Listen to the dictates of honour and gratitude ; they will best instruct you how you ought to act. The world is censorious. Excuse these hints, my friend : I know they are needless to one of your generous way of thinking : but I know too, by fatal experience, how difficult it is to govern the refractory heart. Yet surely when the object is endued with so many graces, both of mind and person, it is almost impossible you should be insensible of her attractions.

I will indulge the flattering hope that I shall one day see the wished-for union take place : then need I no longer be debarred the pleasure of your society : it was with infinite regret I saw myself deprived of it ; but you convinced me our separation was necessary to your peace : that cruel necessity will then no longer subsist.

You find self love has no small share in my motives for engaging in the cause; though, if I know my own heart, your happiness is my principal inducement: for I am, with the most perfect esteem,

Yours,

INDIANA DANBY.

LETTER

L E T T E R XIV.

To *Miss* DANBY.

O LOVELY Indiana! What is it you require of me? Too well you know your power! Yes, I will now endeavour to obey you.

But is a heart like mine, which has exhausted all its tendernefs on an unsuccessful paffion, worthy? or rather will your fair friend deign to accept it, ftill divided as it is? Ah! I might more juftly fay, ftill wholly yours, in fpite of all my efforts. Yes, adorable Indiana! thofe who once fubmit to your chains, muft never more hope for freedom.

But you intreat me, you who have a right to command, condescend to intreat me, to be happy—so you call it. Be it so. One obstacle is removed—but what obstacle should have dared to oppose your wishes? No; dispose of me as you think proper. I live but to gratify them—dear insinuating pleader! who can resist your gentle eloquence?

But flatter me not with the delusive hope, that I may then, without endangering my peace, once more enjoy your delightful society. Ah! no. That time can never arrive: my only safety is in flight.—I dare not see you: even your dear letter has been fatal to the repose I was beginning to taste.

But what am I doing!—Am I, while I avow these sentiments, going to give my
hand

hand to another? and if that other is your friend, will you suffer her to accept of such a husband? Honour forbids—but you command. I can have no will but yours: be cautious then how you direct it; force me not to commit an action which may perhaps diminish your esteem. I am unable to come to any fixed resolution. You whose reason is clear, who are not, like me, torn by contending passions, direct me.

I said one obstacle was removed; it is needless to trouble you with the particulars; nor is my mind at present sufficiently tranquil to relate them. It is enough to tell you my pretended brother was an impostor; on his death-bed he confessed it, and besought my pardon and compassion to his destitute family. He restored to me his unjustly acquired wealth;—need I tell my Indiana I forgive him, or that I am,
as

as humanity requires, determined to provide for his helpless family and widow?

He was, it seems, formerly in the same regiment with my brother, knew all his affairs, had seen, and after his death got possession of, the letter I had wrote to him. His perplexed affairs put it into his head to take advantage of circumstances so favourable for the iniquitous scheme they suggested; you, Madam, know the success that attended it. But the approach of death presented his guilt in all its horrors. He is no more. May all his faults be buried with him! I hope his repentance was sincere.

By this unexpected event, I am once more in possession of my estate, and can yet repay the gift of my generous benefactress, though not the obligation; — for that, I must still continue her debtor; but for this,
my

Miss INDIANA DANBY. III

my honour, my pride, would ever, had you not interested yourself in the affair, have prevented my making her an offer of my hand.

And can I now — I lay down my pen. Let me once more peruse your dear letter. —Yes, I must, I will. —Indiana, you have conquered. Adieu! a last adieu! thou dear, hopeless, long-cherished passion! —Alas! when you are gone, what a void remains!

And can I part with you, sweet cherisher of my soothing melancholy? —For heaven's sake, Madam, let not your friend see this incoherent scroll. —What do I say! —Ah! rather tell her all my weakness; honour forbids me to deceive her. If, after this discovery of my heart, she will deign — I cannot add the rest.

Farewell,

Farewell, lovely Indiana! What shall I subscribe myself? Friend is too cool a name; but you forbid me to be yours in any other sense.

Adieu!

CHARLES MANLY.

LETTER

L E T T E R X V .

To Miss D A N B Y .

TH E day is our own, child. Miss has been wrote to. You have by this time, no doubt, seen the *loveyer-like* epistle.— O what pretty palpitations and flutterations would it cause in the love-sick fair damsel !

Why was I not with you when the said damsel with a faltering voice read it to you ; and then, with all imaginable gravity, asks your advice ; though, like most people who pay their friends that compliment, firmly determined to follow her own inclinations. I should have enjoyed such a scene of all things in life.

Give

Give her a hint to be quick in her motions. You will think, perhaps, there is no need of that: and so should I too, from the knowledge of her ladyship, did I not recollect how fond you misses are of trifling and parade.

Very true, child. Women you know to one another may own their foibles; though a male creature ought not with impunity to be suffered so much as to whisper to himself that we are capable of the least imperfection.

Hasten her answer, I say; for our poor Manly is a little upon the waver. He paid me a visit this morning; his good fortune had raised my spirits to an uncommon pitch—no need of foreign helps, you will perhaps say, nature has been liberal enough in that respect.—He, on the contrary, was
in

in a very plaintive mood, and uttered sighs of such an enormous length, that they have doubtless reached you by this time, for they were all directed to your mansion.

I laughed, and was not sparing of my raillery. He bore it, honest man—(how indeed could he help it?) with Christian patience; but still he sighed; and still the burthen of each sigh was—Ah! the adorable Indiana! how shall I tear her lovely “image from my heart!”

He proposes setting off immediately, to pay his personal respects to the fair one, if her answer is propitious to his, or, I should more truly say, to her wishes.

“I would to heaven the affair was over,” cried he, a little peevishly, “since it must be so.” I smiled at this folly of impatience; Bevill joined us, and to humour his friend,

friend, gave a more serious turn to the conversation. In the end, they almost talked me into the vapours ; upon which I thought it high time to make my exit.

I left them to a sober tête à tête, while I made a few flying visits ; one was to lady Caroline ; her dear lord G—— was with her. I fancy she would gladly have dispensed with my presence, for she had a violent cold, was muffled up, and looked most *horriblement laide*.

I am tempted to believe the comparison her swain, who eyed me with no small attention, made between us, was not greatly in her favour ; this determined me to mortify her, by prolonging my visit. Nor did I fail to display all my graces, while she, taking advantage of her indisposition, and not finding herself in spirits, affected the most ridiculous, languishing, dying
airs,

airs, that ever affectation practised ; reclined in a negligent posture on the settee, displayed her white hand, by every moment applying it to her breast, when a cough was aimed at.

Then her Abigail was summoned—"My salts, Warner;" in a faint voice. — They were administered, but to little effect; for the particular notice lord G—— took of my ladyship, soon made their assistance really necessary.

He had seated himself near me, and almost stunned me with compliments. The poor woman fretted herself into a fever; she could hardly be commonly civil; but I was determined to be amazingly so; and therefore could not find in my heart to deprive them of my entertaining company, though several pretty broad hints were dropped,

dropped, which out of my superabundant politesse were suffered to pass unnoticed.

At last, she had nothing left for it, but to complain of a violent head-ach; said her nerves were so weak, that the least noise in the world discomposed her.

“You are vapourish, my dear,” cried I.
“You must not be suffered to indulge
“them. You should not be a moment
“alone. Company is the best remedy in
“nature for your complaint.”

“You are perfectly in the right,” returned lord G——. “Your spirited conversation in particular, cannot fail to
“put the spleen and all its horrid train to
“flight. Let me perish, Madam, if you
“have not more wit than half your
“sex.”

Lady

Lady Caroline bit her lips.—She gave him such a look ! “ In *your* opinion, Sir, “ you should have said,” with a toss of her head.

“ Be it so, Madam : but I have the happiness to know this opinion is sufficiently countenanced by every mortal who has the least taste. The reputation of Mrs. Bevill’s wit is too firmly established.”

“ Lord ! Sir,” cried her ladyship peevishly, “ who was disputing it ? I am not in the least inclined to enter into an argument with you on the subject. You may both be amazingly witty, for what I either know or care.”

He winked at me. “ Well, do not discompose yourself,” said he, smiling, and attempting to take her hand : “ let me
“ perish

“ perish if I have any patience with this vile
“ cold. It would, were such a thing pos-
“ sible, sour one of the sweetest tempers in
“ the world: such I have ever esteemed
“ your ladyship’s.—And yet, in some re-
“ spects, you are indebted to it. It is that
“ which gives to your air this seducing soft-
“ ness, that bewitching languor to your
“ fine eyes, that delicacy to your fea-
“ tures.

“ What say you, Mrs. Bevill? Did you
“ ever see your fair friend look more love-
“ ly? Your charming sex conquer us a
“ thousand ways. In health and spirits you
“ command us to love; and when indispos-
“ ed, you gently insinuate yourselves into
“ our hearts by your softness.”

He paused—nor was there occasion to add
more. His flattery had already produced the
desired effect: the fair hand was no longer
with-

withdrawn; and smiles of complacency took possession of her ladyship's late gloomy countenance.

"You are a strange creature," cried she, affectedly tapping him on the shoulder: "but do you really think I look tolerable, Mrs. Beville?" turning to me. "Though really to be in perfect health has something so robust in it — that upon my word—yet you, I think, are seldom indisposed. Ah! it is a misfortune to be of too delicate a frame. One suffers severely for the admiration it procures one."

"You have lately been in the country, Mrs. Beville; I think they told me so. Indeed, one might guess it by your looks," continued she, eyeing me with no very placid attention. "I hate the
VOL. III. F "country!

“country! it gives one such a milk-maid
“bloom, and that is so hideously unfashi-
“onable!”

“Why it must be owned,” said I, smil-
“ing, a native bloom is not quite so conve-
“nient as that of a fine lady, which can
“be put on and off at pleasure.”

“In that, rouge has certainly the advan-
“tage,” said lord G——. “But though
“our polite neighbours have pretty well
“succeeded in frenchifying our outward ap-
“pearance, the inward man is still down-
“right English. Nor shall we ever, I
“fear, be brought cordially to prefer
“the artificial complexion to the natu-
“ral.”

“Oh, custom will in time reconcile you
“to it,” returned I; “for custom is a
“second

“second nature : only I think it may come
“to be an additional expence to husbands,
“if the present mode continues ; for we
“may, in a few years, perhaps, adopt
“the Spanish fashion, and to the article of
“pin money add that of paint, in our
“marriage settlements.”

“You may be as satirical as you please,”
cried lady Caroline, “on the present age
“and present mode ; but I insist upon it,
“the beau monde never arrived at such a
“pitch of elegance as in our days.

“Heavens ! it absolutely puts me in
“the horrors to think what spiritless dow-
“dies our predecessors were ; they had
“not the least idea of the bon ton. I
“expire at the thoughts of them !—Poor
“insipid souls ! thank my stars, I was not
“born last century.”

“ And I thank my stars too, that you
“ was not,” said lord G——, laughing,
“ or I should not have been dignified with
“ the honour of being your ladyship’s
“ slave.”

I arose—He hurried to me; “ You are
“ not going, Mrs. Bevill! By my soul
“ you must not leave us.—I positively
“ cannot part with you yet. —— Thus
“ (taking my hand) I seize my fair cap-
“ tive for a few happy moments longer at
“ least.”

“ You are a strange teizing wretch,”
cried lady Caroline, frowning; “ I flatter
“ myself Mrs. Bevill would not stand on
“ ceremony with me, if she could longer
“ oblige me with her company. I hope she

“ is

“is convinced no one one can be more
“sensible of the favour.”

I struggled to disengage my hand——
“And will you go,” sighed he, “charm-
“ing creature?” in a whisper. “I need
“not bid you stay to compleat your con-
“quest. That, alas! is sufficiently secur-
“ed already.”

He led me to my chair.—I was a good
deal diverted with my visit, to which,
however, I have not in my description been
able to do justice.

On my return, Mr. Bevill told me the
Colonel had besought us to oblige him
with our company at * * * * if his pro-
posals are accepted, to be witness to the
sacrifice he makes to gratitude.

“The fair Indiana too,” said he, sighing, “must be present. It will, perhaps, be the last time I dare trust myself in her presence.—But as she is Miss Boothby’s friend, it would look particular, were she not on that occasion to honour me with it.”

It is therefore agreed, that Bevill and your Clara are to set out for the Grove as soon as every thing is settled for the solemnization of the nuptials. Here’s two pompous words for you—Dear creature, for my sake hurry on the affair as fast as possible. O how I long once more to embrace my sweet friend!

Adieu! I am going to write to Fanny: her destiny is irrevocably fixed; more is the pity.—But you, who are going to be witness

Miss INDIANA DANBY. 127

witness to the pomps and vanity of a wedding, will, I hope, in time be tempted to follow the bright example.

Yours,

CLARA BEVILL.

F 4 LETTER

L E T T E R XVI.

To Mrs. BEVILL.

EVERY thing is settled. My dear Clara, hasten your journey. Miss Boothby is all joy at the prospect of her approaching happiness. The Colonel has been here this fortnight.—Do^t not mistake me—not at the Grove.—He has taken up his abode at an inn. You may believe Mrs. Beverly made him an offer of her house, but he prudently declined it.

I have seen him but once since his arrival, and that was in the midst of a large company. He seemed in tolerable spirits. We had no particular conversation—indeed I took pains to avoid it.

He

He is daily at Miss Boothby's; and by what she tells me of his behaviour, I have reason to hope he will give his hand without reluctance.

It is scarce possible, intimate as they now are, that he should continue insensible of her merit. She is an engaging, amiable girl, and has my most fervent wishes for her happiness.

Mamma and Mrs. Beverly cannot help dropping a hint now-and-then, that they would have been more pleased, had the preparations that are making been on another person's account.

Mr. Brathwait speaks out, without mincing the matter:——he took my hand this morning; “I caution you not to stand too near me on an approaching occasion,”

“sion,” said he, smiling, “lest I should be
“tempted to join this fair hand to the
“worthy bridegroom’s, instead of your
“friends. — Oh! Miss Danby, Miss
“Danby,” added he, “you have, by an
“unjustifiable obstinacy, of which I did
“not think you capable, lost such a man!
“never will you meet with his equal.”

Mamma sighed.—Mrs. Beverly forced a smile.—While I thought it best to make my escape, dreading the continuance of a subject which now cannot be very pleasing to any of us. Would he were fairly married and happy! I think I should then be perfectly at ease.

Heigh-ho! There is a weight upon my spirits which I cannot account for.—But you are coming, dear soother of my cares. Oh! hasten your journey.—I am restless
and

and disquieted — No repentance, Clara—
but a sort of languor has lately taken possession of me.

There is now such an insipid sameness in my life—no hopes, no fears. Every returning day glides on like the former without the least change.—The soul is an active principle.

I remember Voltaire, in his *Candide*, makes it a question, whether even the greatest misfortunes are not to be preferred to a dead inactive calm.

But I will not enlarge on this subject; your dear conversation is ever new, ever agreeable. I cannot want variety, while I enjoy that; and am I not promised this happiness in a few days?

No more complaints then—Come, and
by your presence dispel the melancholy
of

Your ever affectionate

INDIANA DANBY.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

TO *Miss* FANNY FREEMORE.

I MUST be very minute, you say.—You Nunish ladies, with all your gravity, have no aversion, I find, to a certain subject. Your vow does not extend quite so far as to debar you of that trifling consolation—Poor fettered souls as you are.

Well then, child, to oblige you, I take up a bran-new pen, place half a quire of paper on my desk, and here it goes, without anticipation——Prepare, however, to hear wonders.

Stay, where shall I begin?—"With the "happy pair, to be sure," you cry—Be it so.

About

About ten yesterday—let that auspicious day be ever blessed; no mourning, no misfortunes, happen on it,—Indiana, dressed like an angel, in flowing robes of white lustring, her charming light-brown hair fastened carelessly with a diamond comb: no other ornaments on her head. What need of ornaments, where nature has exhausted all its beauties to render that head, inside and out, the standard of perfection? She, I say, as bride-maid (ah! why was she not the bride?) and Miss Cartwright, a pretty delicate little girl, ditto—the Marchioness and your Clara, set off for Miss Boothby's; Mrs. Beverly, Bevill, &c. &c. followed.

The bride received us with smiles that spoke her heart-felt joy, dressed out as brides are wont (filly souls!) on the like occasions:

occasions; and upon my word she is a fine woman, take her all in all.

In a few moments enters the bridegroom, graceful, easy, and elegant.—You may believe he was honoured with no small share of my attention.—He paid his respects to his intended, and the rest of the company, with his usual politeness. Indiana curtsy'd low — He bowed — changed colour, rammed down a sigh that was attempting to make its escape through his white teeth, and turned reluctantly from an object too lovely for his peace.

We feasted ourselves at the breakfast-table. The Colonel took a dish of chocolate, but stood leaning on Miss Boothby's chair, who sat exactly opposite to our Indiana. You may judge whether his eyes at least were not feasted. The fair one was a little disconcerted—She fixed hers on the
silver

silver tea-board, which, to say truth, was of curious workmanship.

Our slight repast over, we again resumed our carriages, and with no small parade flourished away to the church, where honest Mr. Brathwait waited to tie the Gordian knot.

I was in some pain for poor Manly; during the ceremony his emotions were visible—It was well for him that his help-mate was too much engrossed by her own to observe his;—it must be owned it was a severe trial, to give his hand to another, in presence of her who has so long possessed his heart.

Indiana was not perfectly at ease.—Whether it was the solemnity of the ceremony, or from what other cause, I know not, but I observed a pearly drop stealing down

down her lovely cheeks.—Never did her charms shine forth with so much lustre,—her graceful form, the winning sweetness of her looks—But why should I attempt to describe her to you, who know her so well—and to know is to admire.

From church we returned to Miss Boothby's—Mrs. Manly's, I should say.—Her aunt (I forgot to mention the honest soul before) ushered us into a splendid drawing-room; while the bride, taking Indiana by the hand, retired for a few moments to her apartment.

The Colonel drew me to a window.—“It is past, Madam,” said he, sighing.—“Your lovely cruel friend is satisfied—I have obeyed her commands.——Good heavens,” added he, “what a sacrifice have I made—Is it possible! Is she then lost to me for ever!”

He

He hurried from me to hide his emotions. I was affected; but I hope there is some truth in that notable old saying, which my good mamma used formerly to quote so often to her giddy daughter, when I objected to any of my humble servants because I was not in love with them——
“Marry first, child, and love will come
“after.” Pray heaven it may be verified in the dear Manly!

The entertainment—What shall I say of the entertainment? I fear it may be a dangerous subject to enlarge upon, to you poor fasting and mortifying damsels. It was magnificent, superb, and, to sum up all its merits in one word, might have gratified the taste of an epicure. A grand concert of music, the gardens finely illuminated, into which the company strolled in separate parties, after the entertainment.

Indiana

Indiana took me by the arm, and we chose one of the most private walks there, without interruption, to talk over the occurrences of the day.

We were deeply engaged in conversation, when hearing a rustling among the leaves in a little wood which we had just quitted, we hastily turned round. What was my surprize at that instant, when I beheld Mr. Beverly, who sprung forward, and cast himself at the feet of our friend. She shrieked, and fell senseless into my arms. He arose, and snatching her to his breast, "My life, my soul, my Indiana! " Ah! do I once more press thee to my " fond heart! Never, never more shall " those hearts which were formed for each " other be separated."

I was

I was by this time a little recovered from the amazement into which his sudden and unexpected appearance had thrown me. I observed his cloaths were bloody, and his countenance pale as death.—“ Good heavens!” exclaimed I, “ what is the matter, Mr. Beverly? How could you frighten us so?”

“ I cannot answer you now, my dear Mrs. Beville; my whole attention is fixed on this dear angel. Oh! help me to recover her. My Indiana,” continued he, tenderly pressing his lips to her pale cheeks, “ answer me, my love, it is thy Beverly calls; look up, angelic sweetness.”

She opened her eyes, and for a moment reclined her head on his shoulder, but almost

most instantly recollecting herself, she shrunk from his embraces ; but could not escape from his clasping arms. " Leave me, Sir," cried she, in a faint voice. " Think not " I will tamely permit these freedoms."

He quitted her. " You are free, Madam," said he, sighing ; " and my death, of which you will perhaps in a few moments be a witness, I trust will in some measure atone for my presumption."

He spoke with a faltering voice, and staggered with some difficulty to a seat, which was at some distance.

I hastily followed : " for heaven's sake," said I, " Mr. Beverly, tell me what is the matter ; you are wounded."

" I am,

“I am, Madam,” said he faintly;—
“and I hope mortally.”

I screamed for assistance.—Indiana was greatly affected at the condition she saw him in. “O Clara,” exclaimed she, “what shall we do? he is indeed dying.”

At that moment my cries brought some of the company to us. Unfortunately, Mrs. Beverly was the first that joined us. She instantly knew her son. — She ran, she flew to embrace him: but, seeing his cloaths bloody, and himself more dead than alive, she uttered a deep sigh, sunk down by him on the seat, where she continued some time, happily insensible of her misfortunes.

The

The rest of the company were by this time assembled, and proper remedies applied for their recovery. Nothing could equal the grief of that unfortunate and affectionate parent to see her son, after so long an absence, restored to her only with the melancholy prospect of losing him again, and that for ever.

In the most moving manner he besought her pardon for his faults, and no less movingly endeavoured to sooth her into composure. He desired to be carried to the Grove: Mrs. Beverly accompanied him; and the Marchioness, Indiana. Beville and I, bidding the Colonel and his lady adieu, instantly followed. A surgeon was immediately sent for; his wounds were dressed, and declared to be dangerous, though they hoped not mortal.

There

There was no persuading Mrs. Beverly to leave her son. You may believe none of us enjoyed much rest. I spent the night with Indiana in her apartment. We could talk of nothing but the fatal accident. I am convinced our fair friend did not know her own heart, when she declared it no longer felt the least remains of tenderness for her once loved Beverly. Her grief, her anxiety, which she could not conceal, is a convincing proof that he is still dear to her.

We were in the utmost impatience to know how he had met with the misfortune. When I recollected I had seen his servant, on our return home, who might, perhaps, be able to inform us, I immediately sent for him. In answer to our questions, he told us, that it was about a week since his master arrived from Paris; that he had seen
his

his lady ; but he feared there was some disagreement between them, though it was not his place to talk of these matters ; his honour would inform us about that, if he thought it proper. And as to the duel, he knew no more than that he was last night ordered to have his honour's horses in readiness early this morning ; that his master rode out before six o'clock, he attending, till they got about five miles from town ; when his honour dismounted, and bid him wait there till he returned. He did so a considerable time ; at last his master came back, his cloaths bloody, and his drawn sword in his hand ; but on seeing his servant, he recollecting himself tossed it from him.—“ Go,” said he, “ get immediate assistance for the gentleman you will find at some distance ; stay with him till they have bound up his wounds—then, as fast as possible follow me to the Grove.—You

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“need not go far for help,” continued he, “a surgeon may be got in the neighbouring town.” So saying, he mounted his horse, and rode off full gallop. I went immediately to the place directed, taking a gentleman with me, whom I instantly procured. The gentleman scarce shewed any signs of life.—On examining his wounds they were declared mortal.—He was carried to * * * where leaving him, I followed his honour as he had commanded. They told me he arrived about an hour before me; but, on being informed the ladies were at Miss Boothby’s, he instantly set off for her house.

This, my dear Fanny, is the substance of what Frederick told us; and from this I am half persuaded lord G—— was his antagonist.

Ah! a message from Mr. Beverly.—
They tell me he is better. Pray heaven I
may find him so!—I am going to his apart-
ment; he begs to see me.—Adieu!

Yours,

CLARA BEVILL.

LETTER XVIII.

To the Same.

EVEN so; lord G——, as I guessed, is the man, and that vile lady Caroline the cause of all this mischief, and more that may yet follow.

But take a part of the conversation I have just had with Beverly.—I found on entering his apartment he had dismissed his attendant: Mrs. Beverly too had at last yielded to his persuasions, and retired (if possible in the situation her mind was in) to take some rest.

“Do not keep that awful distance,” cried he, smiling, and drawing back the curtain;

curtain; "in the condition I am in Be-
"vill has no cause to be jealous of your
"honouring me with a visit in my bed-
"chamber.—Ah! Mrs. Bevill, you see to
"what a woeful state matrimony has re-
"duced the once gay Beverly."

"Poor matrimony," answered I, "never
"found any great favour from you."

"And yet," returned he, "it has be-
"flowed not a few on me. I am at last
"dubbed a complete husband."

"Explain," cried I, seating myself by
him.

"No," said he, taking my hand, "that
"might not perhaps be quite so proper;
"but rather tell me what is of far more
"importance, how is my Indiana?—Ah!
"my charming Clara, let me still call you

“so—tell me, is she concerned at my illness?
“ness? Does she pity her Beverly.”

“Strange creature! have you forgot
“your help-mate all this time?”

“Lady Caroline, do you mean?” answered he.—“You know lady Caroline;—
“all the world knows lady Caroline;—
“and hark” (in a whisper) —“I know
“her to be an infamous—but mum! for
“the sake of my own honour: her’s she
“never regarded a pinch of snuff.—Ah!
“Clara, couldst thou ever have conceived
“it possible, that I, the gallant, the ad-
“mired—excuse this boast—it is but the
“dregs of my expiring vanity—I am hum-
“bled with a vengeance—But could you,
“I say, ever have believed this Beverly was
“formed to be a tame cypher of a husband?
“—No; I wrong myself; not tame—the
“villain has severely felt the effect of my
“just

“just revenge : his blood has wiped off the
“stain from my injured honour.”

“And do you consider the dreadful
“consequence,” said I, “that may at-
“tend your fatal rashness?”

“Why,” cried the gay wretch, “if I
“must swing, I scorn, I scorn, to wince
“or whine.—But to be serious,” continu-
ed he, “these affairs of honour are always
“treated with indulgence.—But for the
“affliction it has caused my kind, my af-
“fectionate mother, I should not in the
“least regret what I have done ; and yet
“she knows not the worst neither ; for I
“have persuaded her my antagonist has
“only received a slight wound.—Dear,
“amiable woman ! Could she believe my
“just vengeance would be so easily satis-
“fied?”

5—
“Strange creature,” said I; “is it thus
“you atone for your crime? Penitence
“would better become you in the condi-
“tion to which you are reduced.”

“Sweet preacher!” returned he; “did
“you expect me to turn hypocrite so sud-
“denly?—No, my dear Clara; that at
“least is not amongst the catalogue of my
“sins.”

“That catalogue,” said I, “is already
“so crowded, that you would hardly find
“room to squeeze it in.—But pray, what
“do you propose to do? you have taken
“no precautions to conceal yourself: and
“should the poor man die.”—

“Why then there is an end of him,”
interrupted he.—“But I will tell you what
“I intend to do——as soon as I am in a
“con-

“condition to travel I will take another
“tour.”

“But in the mean time,” said I, “what
“if the man should die, and you not be
“sufficiently recovered to make your
“escape?”

“Why then, my dear Clara, I must be
“taken, I think,” replied he, carelessly;
“nor do I fear to stand a trial. Injuries
“like mine will justify what I have done.”

“In the world’s opinion it may,” said
I; “but neither in the sight of heaven or
“justice, will that plea avail. Seriously,
“Beverly, my advice is, that you should
“be immediately removed to some place
“of safety. — I think, notwithstand-
“ing what the surgeons say, there is no
“great danger to be apprehended from
“your wounds. Shall I send Beville to

“you, that with him you may consult on
“what is proper is to be done? For Mrs.
“Beverly’s sake, take my advice.”

“Add, too, for my Indiana’s sake,”
cried he. “Ah! say but she is anxious
“for my safety, and I shall then set some
“value on this (withour her favour) worth-
“less life.”

“Clara, my dear Clara,” continued he,
“I besought your presence only that I
“might talk of that lovely maid. We
“have already wasted too much time on
“trifles.”

“Do not be ridiculous, Beverly,” said
I; “why should you talk of her?—She
“can be nothing to you.”

“Nothing to me!” interrupted he, with
fervor: “by heavens she is my all, my
“joy, my pride, and shall be mine in every
“sense.

“sense.—I tell you, Mrs. Bevill, I would
“not live, were it not for that dear flat-
“tering hope.”

“Flattering, indeed,” returned I.

“And why flattering, unkind Clara?
“A divorce is now in my power, thanks
“to my torment: that one piece of service
“she has done me, as some atonement for
“her faults.”

“And do you imagine,” said I, with
some disdain, “that Indiana”——

“Spare me, Mrs. Bevill,” interrupted
he; “I cannot bear that scornful air—I
“know I have faults;—but who so likely
“to reclaim me, as that angelick crea-
“ture? And will not charity, if no other
“motive, induce her for my soul’s sake to
“have some compassion on her so fond, so
“constant adorer?”

“Constant!” repeated I.

“Ah! Clara, recollect not my cursed
“infatuation. I know myself absolutely
“unworthy of her, though greatly am I
“changed from what I was.”

“I wish I could see any symptoms of
“it,” said I, smiling.

“Dear, fatirical, uncharitable Clara!
“but my future life shall convince you,
“incredulous as you are, that I have bid
“adieu to all my follies. Oh! could I
“but call the charming Indiana mine, I
“would bid defiance to vice, even in an
“angel’s tempting form.”

“It is time enough to talk of those mat-
“ters,” interrupted I;—“your flight at
“present is the one thing needful.”

“By

“By heavens!” exclaimed he, “if I
“must fly, I will not be unaccompanied in
“my flight.—Take care I do not even
“run away with you; for I swear I am
“never so much myself as when in your
“dear company. My Indiana and you are
“the sovereigns of my heart—it is shut to
“all others;—but to you it overflows,
“and utters its sentiments with freedom.”

“Strange wild creature,” cried I; “will
“no misfortunes tame you?”

“No,” answered he; “if a marriage
“like mine, the greatest of all misfortunes,
“could not, I think I have room to hope
“for that reformation.”

The surgeons entered while he spoke;
on which I made my exit, and went in
search of Bevill, to consult what was
proper

proper to be done. I found him in the garden, accompanied by our friend, when I related the conversation I had had with Beverly. He was intirely of my opinion that it was necessary he should be removed to some place of safety, till we knew the fate of lord G——.

“Oh! for heaven’s sake,” cried Indiana, eagerly—She stopped and blushed.

“For heaven’s sake, what?” said I, smiling, and taking her hand.

“I pity the poor man,” resumed she, with some confusion; “for my dear Mrs. Beverly’s sake I am anxious for his safety.”

“And for no other body’s sake?” whispered I, with an arch smile.

“Fie!

“Fie! Clara,” peevishly.

“O Indiana, Indiana!” still whispering,
“you have no talent for hypocrisy.”

Bevill left us to visit the sick man. I then more freely rallied our friend on her emotions—She was vexed, and turned from me to another walk in high displeasure.—The dear creature! she is not yet reconciled to me. I must now go and endeavour to make my peace.—Adieu!

Yours,

CLARA BEVILL.

LETTER

L E T T E R X I X .

To the Same.

WHAT a wild ungovernable creature is this Beverly!—There was no persuading him to leave the Grove till he had seen Indiana; and she as peremptorily refused his request.—Very well; then he would stay where he was, let what would be the consequence.

“She hates me,” cried he.—“Of what value now is this worthless life?”

Again I returned to her, and renewed my intreaties—“For Mrs. Beverly’s sake, dear Indiana”—

“And

“And for nobody else’s sake?” interrupted she, haughtily.

“Dear creature,” said I, “is this a time for trifling?”

“No, Clara, I am serious: I know what becomes me, and will not yield to his unreasonable caprice.”

“But to your friends,” returned ~~I~~ I; “have they too lost their influence?”—I took her reluctant hand.

“Ah!” cried she, weeping, “I am very unfortunate. You unkindly accuse me of a weakness, which, if I know my heart—but what if it were so? Should I not rather have excited your pity, than cruel raillery.”

“Forgive

“Forgive me, my loved Indiana; I
“acknowledge my fault: but have you
“then forgot to be indulgent to your
“Clara’s foibles?”——I flung my arms
round her neck.

“Ah! my dear friend,” cried she, re-
turning my embrace; “pardon my petu-
“lance;—take me;—do with me what you
“think proper.”

“Come then,” said I, “and bid per-
“haps a last adieu to the poor wretch who
“adores you.”

I had her to his apartment. Mrs. Be-
verly, the Marchioness, and Bevill were
there. Indiana, with an air of cold reserve,
congratulated him on the prospect of his
recovery.

He

He arose; and respectfully taking her hand—"A thousand thanks for this obliging condescension.—Yet, ah! my lovely cousin, why was the favour granted with such reluctance? as a relation, at least," said he, smiling, "I think I might have been honoured with"—

"As such," interrupted she, more graciously, "I am concerned for your misfortunes—but what good can my presence, so earnestly insisted on, do you?"

"Heavens! what good?" exclaimed he; "your dear presence has restored me to life. O Indiana," continued he, in a low voice, tenderly pressing her hand between his—"tell me but, you do not hate me, and I am satisfied."

"Why

“Why should you suppose I do?” returned she, casting down her eyes—“You
“was once my friend——be still so; in
“that character I earnestly entreat you to be
“careful of your safety. Why is your
“journey delayed? See the anxiety of your
“most amiable mother. — Go, Sir; and
“may heaven be your protector; and by
“this misfortune, in which your fatal rash-
“ness has involved you, teach you more
“discretion for the future.”

She withdrew her hand; and curtsying, was going to retire, but he prevented her.

“A few moments longer, dear lovely”—

“The chaise has been waiting this hour,” interrupted Bevill, taking him by the arm.
“You do not consider the danger of this

“unne-

“unnecessary delay.—Come, my friend,
“it is high time you were gone.”

He struggled to disengage himself. “Indiana, my dear Indiana, one word more,
“and I have done.”

Mrs. Beverly arose, and pressing him in her arms, “Let me intreat you, my dear
“son,” cried she, with emotion.

“Enough, Madam,” said he, “I am all
“obedience.”

Away they went; Bevill accompanied him to the place of their retreat, his own servant only, in whose fidelity he could confide, attending the chaise, which is a hired one, and is to stop at some distance from the place to which they are going.—Heaven knows how this unhappy affair may end.

The

The amiable Colonel Manly is greatly concerned on Mrs. Beverly's account. He was here yesterday. "I come to pay a visit of condolence," said he. "Where is Mrs. Beverly?—your lovely friend, too?—Ah! Madam, I dare not trust myself in her presence, but the rest of the family"—

"I understand you, Sir," returned I; "the Marchioness and Mrs. Beverly will attend you; excuse me for a moment; I will return instantly."

I hurried to Indiana, and cautioned her not to make her appearance.

As I live, the bride!—I hasten to pay my respects to her.—Adieu.

IN CONTINUATION.

She came to take leave ; the Colonel and she set off to-morrow morning for his estate in Berkshire. It is a prudent resolution. The air of this place is not good for him—His fair spouse is most amazingly happy—so perfectly satisfied with her change of condition, it is her dear Manly at every word.

I could have found in my heart to have given the reins to raillery ; but the presence of Indiana checked my pleasantry. I knew I might lay my account with being chid, had I not spared her friend. A few satirical strokes, however, did escape me, in spite of all my care.

There

There is something so surfeiting in the behaviour of some new-married souls, that they richly deserve to be laughed out of their folly. This same bride was always a tender-hearted creature; yet in other respects, it must be owned, she is a good, sensible, and, upon the whole, an amiable woman.

She made, I assure you, no small figure this morning, and looked handsomer than usual; and take her all in all, our friend has no reason to repent his bargain.

Before the last adieu, Indiana and she had a private tête-à-tête—Lord knows what was the subject; but I suppose matrimony had a share in it.

Adieu, child. I promised to accompany Mrs. Beverly in an airing; the carriage is
at

Miss INDIANA DANBY. 169

at the gate—How I pity that unfortunate mother! I shall omit no endeavours to raise her dejected spirits.

Once more adieu!

CLARA BEVILL.

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H

LETTER

LETTER XX.

To the Same.

THE heavy hour is approaching, in which I must bid adieu to my friend.—O Fanny! how momentary are our pleasures! I cannot bear the thoughts of leaving this dear creature; yet I must: business demands Mr. Bevill's presence in town.—My dear Billy too—the little prattling cherub—it is an age since I saw him—well then, since it must be so,—adieu the sweets of Arno's vale.

Oh, I must tell you a droll enough instance of the sly Manly's contrivance. His deary, on taking leave of our friend, made her a present of her picture finely set in diamonds:

diamonds: her dear Colonel, she said, had ordered an eminent painter from London on purpose, some weeks ago, when she hinted a wish of presenting it to Indiana. We were this morning examining the said picture. My curiosity satisfied, I was about returning it to my friend; when chance directed my eyes to a secret spring, which the moment I touched, up flew Mrs. Manly, and to our no small amazement gave place to her lord and master drawn to the life.

I burst into a loud laugh. "Those
"whom heaven has joined, let no man
"put asunder," cried I.

"I cannot join in your pleasantry," said Indiana, gravely. "I think the Colonel
"is greatly to blame."

“ And I, on the contrary,” returned I,
“ adore him for his contrivance. But the
“ most diverting circumstance is his having
“ employed his help-mate on such an oc-
“ casion. Little did the honest soul sus-
“ pect what a present she was making. I
“ will take my death (as lady Caroline
“ says) it was a most joyous scheme—Scru-
“ ple not to keep the shadow, child; she
“ is abundantly satisfied in being possessed
“ of the substance.—She has his body;
“ you, his mind. Which has the better
“ bargain?—Let her answer the ques-
“ tion.”

“ Dear Clara !” frowning; “ how can
“ you give way to this levity !”

“ I will tell you how, my dear,” laugh-
ing; “ because I find it impossible to help it
“ on

"on so diverting an occasion. Shall I hide
"this naughty man from your sight?" con-
tinued I, looking at the picture. "No ;
"honour it with one glance more before I
"veil its brightness. It is an inimitable
"likeness. His hair, his eyes, and that
"gentle air of melancholy, of which a
"certain fair one is the cause."

"Very well, Clara! go on! I wish
"Mr. Bevill would serve you so! you
"would not, I fancy, think the adventure
"quite so entertaining."

"Little fear of that, child. The honest
"man has no genius for affairs of this na-
"ture; and if he had served me so, I
"think in my conscience I could have
"forgiven him for such a proof of his
"wit."

“ Ah! my dear, it is easy talking,” said Indiana; “ but had you been punished
“ with one of those witty husbands you
“ affect to be so fond of, believe me yours
“ would long since have deserted you. Be
“ thankful that you have a man who en-
“ courages your vivacity, and gives you
“ no cause to exchange it for sadness—what
“ if you had been cursed with a roving in-
“ constant Beverly?”

“ What?” cried I, laughing;—“ why
“ then, child, he should either have broke
“ my heart, or I his, an age ago. But
“ it is as well as it is, I believe. I have
“ no objections to the honest soul my help-
“ mate.”

“ Honest soul, Clara! I do not like that
“ expression.”

“ No?”

"No? pray now what exception can
"you make to it? You forget, my dear,
"that an honest man is the noblest work of
"God."

"True, Clara; and remember that wit
"is a feather."

"Never fear, child; I have long since
"been convinced, that vain is the pride
"of human wit, that shadow of a shade.

"But here; take your shadow of a sub-
"stance: let his wife be a covering to his
"eyes, to speak in the scripture language:
"and may a certain person be a covering to
"your heart, to guard it against its wick-
"ed attractions."

Adieu, my dear Fanny; I am summoned to dinner; honest Mr. Brathwait is our guest. O all ye powers of eloquence, assist our just cause.

Yours ever,

CLARA BEVILL.

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

TO INDIANA.

London.

A SLIGHT indisposition——do not be alarmed, my dear Indiana. They would not suffer me to write before—I am well—and going to chat with my sweet friend.

Joy to my dear Mrs. Beverly—Lord G—— is out of danger—the fugitive may return with safety, as to his person I mean. For his heart—but you do not like the subject—no more of it then.

Poor deserted forlorn lady Caroline!—I could almost find in my heart to pity her, spite of all her faults, forsaken as she is by

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the

the whole world, left a prey to her melancholy reflections. If it would not look like an insult, I could absolutely stretch my charity so far as to pay her a visit of condolence. We are generally pretty liberal of our pity.

A divorce is whispered (as a violent secret, however) at every tea-table in town. Her intrigue with lord G—— is decorated with all the aggravating circumstances the tongue of slander can give it. Every body condemns her. Beverly comes off with flying colours—so handsome a man! cries one female: so brave! another: so gallant! a third: so witty! a fourth: — “so, so “every-thing, and so inconstant,” archly adds my ladyship, when I can squeeze in a word.

O! as to that, every body had their foibles: perfection is not to be expected:
there

there was not the least shadow of excuse for the vile creature; she was a scandal to her sex: their hearts swelled with indignation at the very thoughts of her.

“But had we not better moderate our
“resentment,” humbly offer I, “till we
“have more convincing proofs of her
“guilt? her imprudence nobody can doubt.
“Yet—”

I am interrupted by an hundred tongues at once, with a “fie! Mrs. Bevill, would
“any virtuous woman defend such a
“wretch.”

“I do not know what the virtuous
“would do,” says my ladyship; “but I
“am sure the charitable would (if they
“could not defend) at least be silent.”

“Charitable!” is repeated with a titter, and a general whisper goes round; while your friend, not in the least disconcerted, plays her fan with the utmost composure.

O this vile propensity to scandal, too justly charged on our sex! Silly souls as we are, to give up our own cause! The other are apt enough to think meanly of us! we ought for our own sakes to defend one another against the common enemy. But envy, that foul fiend, has such influence over the female heart, that we stop at nothing to gratify it.

Enough of lady Caroline.—Let us talk a little of Beverly. Nay, pray give me leave—he is, I suppose, by this time returned to the Grove—He boasted to me of his reformation—what think *you* of him? Is it only a boast?

I am

I am told by a gentleman, who knew him abroad, that he actually for some months past led a very regular life, had dismissed his inamorata—dropped his profligate acquaintance, and assiduously cultivated that of sensible men.

Every body was, it seems, surprised at this change in his conduct. The ladies in particular were alarmed—they looked upon him as their property, and spared no pains to draw him again into dissipation and intrigue, but he resisted all their arts.

One of his friends, smiling, congratulated him on his reformation. “O!” said he, gaily, “it is high time to turn over a new leaf. The first part of my history is folly; I must endeavour to give a dash of wisdom to the last, were it but for
“the

“ the sake of variety ; it will never be sale-
“ able else.”

My informer adds, that he was universally admired for his wit and humour. The graces of his person and manner cast such a veil over his vices, and so advantageously set off his few good qualities, that even the virtuous regarded them in the charitable light of youthful foibles and indiscretion, of which experience, and the good sense he is master of, will in time get the better.

Now, my dear, think not I am pleading with you in his favour. No ; I think, were even this threatened divorce to take place, you cannot, ought not, to be his— I have no idea of such a marriage ; and I am convinced it would wound your delicacy, if not your conscience. Such a union may be lawful ; but I cannot think my Indiana would ever be brought to give
her

her consent, were the character of the man —which is far from being the case, absolutely unexceptionable. But I know Beverly's hopes are beginning to revive with the prospect of that event.

I know you will be persecuted; though I think neither the Marchioness nor his mother will join in his cause. All I fear is his ungovernable passion. You know the wicked plot he once laid for you, and from which you was so providentially delivered. Forgive me, my dear; I may be raising groundless apprehensions. He is a reformed man you know. I hope he is — No crime in cautioning you to be upon your guard, however. He is such a wild ungovernable creature! — Yet he must be so mortified at his last unsuccessful intended piece of knight-errantry, that I hardly think he will attempt any thing of that nature for the future.

Write

Write to me immediately, dear creature; I long to know how he behaves, and how you—but I check my pen, for fear of another chiding—Perhaps you can guess what I mean—A word to the wise—O Indiana! never conceal one secret of your heart from your friend.—Pour out its fullness into the sympathizing faithful bosom of

Your affectionate

CLARA BEVILL.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

TO MRS. BEVILL.

YES, my dear Clara, Beverly is indeed at the Grove. But I needed not your alarming hints to put me on my guard; his own behaviour is sufficient.

I lately complained (foolish creature that I was!—Ah! we know not when we are well) of the sameness, the insipidity, of my life. Yet how much was it to be preferred to those fears, those emotions, which I now experience? Yes, Clara, I will let you into the most secret recesses of my heart—this weak ungovernable heart, too susceptible for its peace.

But

But do not be too hasty in your construction: it is a diffidence of myself, a terror, lest I should again yield to folly, that alarms me—It is not what I feel at present, but the dread of future ills, that destroys my peace.

I think in any other place but where I am I could bid defiance to this man, seducingly charming as he is. Nay, were even his mind as perfect as his person, it is the recollection of past scenes, which every object brings now to my remembrance, that renders his eloquence dangerous. Those happy days in which he was dear to me, present themselves so forcibly to my imagination, that the succeeding ones of misery and disappointment lose their impression, and seem to vanish like a melancholy dream.

Yet,

Yet, Clara, think not meanly of me. You justly say I ought not, cannot, be his—Forbid it heaven! No, my friend, surely I can never love again. Alas! I have once fatally loved too well. Dreadful thought!—Ah! let me for ever banish the guilty idea, that but too oft endeavours to obtrude upon my mind.

To you, my Clara, let me own, that unhappy passion has for ever destroyed my peace. How then can I possibly think of another?—A man like this, too—once so abandoned in his conduct.

But allowing he is reformed—reformed do I say?—how can I indulge the flattering error? flattering only for his own sake. Is not this recent duel a too convincing proof that his boasted reformation is not a thorough change of the heart? A change
such

such as Christianity requires? And were I at liberty to quit the single life, such a one only should be the man of my choice.

The world, indeed, may endeavour to extenuate his guilt by pleading the false maxims of honour; but unerring heaven views the affair in a different light. What must have been his remorse, had the unhappy man died!—Yet why do I say remorse? did he shew the least symptoms of repentance when that dreadful event was hourly expected?

Ah! Clara, his is at best but a partial reformation, little to be depended on. His passions are strong and ungovernable as ever: I have but too many proofs of this.

Yet were he an angel, never, never, will I, can I, be his. No; the poor lady
Caroline!

Caroline!—be her faults forgot— She may have been injured by a censorious world. I hope she is only in appearance guilty. Charity commands me to engage in her cause, deserted and forlorn. In me, at least, to the utmost of my power, she shall find a friend.

Mrs. Beverly, dear good woman! is highly incensed against her. The partiality of a mother biases her judgment in favour of an only and beloved son; or his wild conduct would in some measure extenuate his lady's fault. But his insinuating, his specious manner, has already obliterated the remembrance of all his indiscretions, and he is once more the idol of her fond heart. Even the Marchioness, prepossessed as she was against him, begins to regard him with a favourable eye.

Dan-

Dangerous, insinuating man ! if their years and discernment could not secure them against his attractions, in spite of the knowledge they have of his faults, how ought your Indiana to guard her weak heart ! especially now the divorce, which he is determined to procure, makes him esteem himself once more at liberty to indulge his passion for me ! a passion that my Clara may be assured I take every method to discourage.

My vow alone, were there no other, is to me a sufficient obstacle ; but that the gay wretch, as you justly call him, makes light of, and treats with his usual levity.

“ I have,” said he, the other day, “ been
“ in the land of indulgences, where I learn-
“ ed some of the jesuitical sophistry.—

“Trust your conscience to my direction,
“dear Indiana;—I will give you absolu-
“tion—it is not the first rash vow I have
“annulled.”

“You was then,” returned I, angrily,
“in the land of indulgences, to use your
“own expression, but you shall not find
“me even indulgent to your unseasonable
“levity.”

I retired in displeasure, notwithstanding
his intreaties for pardon, and endeavours
to detain me.

After dinner, however, he seemed to
have collected all his forces, and renewed
the subject with so much serious eloquence,
that mamma was visibly delighted.

Mr. Brathwait, who was present, shook
him heartily by the hand,—“I did not
“think,

“think, Mr. Beverly,” said he, in his deliberate manner, “that you had been so conversant in the scriptures.”—For the man had quoted several texts, which by his manner of explaining them appeared tolerably pertinent to the subject.——

“Your discourse, Sir, does honour both to your head and heart. I hope truth will come mended from *your* tongue.— I am an old man, Mr. Beverly, and have long talked on this subject to little purpose, I fear ; but if Miss Danby continues unmoved, when a pleader so eloquent joins my cause, I shall indeed pronounce her inflexible.”

“I would not,” said I, smiling, “pay you so bad a compliment, Mr. Brathwait, as to grant that to another which I refuse to you.”

“I never

"I never knew so determined a young lady," muttered the good man, shaking his head, and replacing himself with visible disappointment in his looks.

Mr. Beverly was going to resume the topic, and that with an air of triumph, I thought; but I stopped him, with—"do not be too vain of the compliment that has been paid you, Sir. The novelty of your arguments might strike us at first; but if you renew them, that novelty will wear off, and give us leisure to detect their fallacy."

He is here, my dear.

I could not get rid of him, till I had given him my promise to accompany him in a walk. He is not yet perfectly recovered from his late indisposition—he looks

thin and pale.—Ah! my friend, once he did so in this house on a very different occasion!—Memory be gone.

Since I must humour him in this request, I am determined to introduce a subject which will not, I fancy, be very agreeable to him: I mean poor Lady Caroline. Yes, I will plead for that afflicted mourner; such my mind represents her to be; nor will I cease my importunities, till, if possible, I obtain her pardon from this lordly and incensed husband. Adieu!

Yours,

INDIANA DANBY.

LETTER

L E T T E R XXIII.

To the Same.

ALAS! my dear Clara; that fatal walk, for which I left you in my last, has been the source of great uneasiness to your Indiana. I have taken myself severely to task, and hope it will be the last time I shall experience such dangerous emotions. I am now amazed how he could excite them; for I am well assured I feel for him only the sentiments of friendship.

I observed Mr. Beverly to be uncommonly thoughtful, as we slowly fauntered down the sloping green which leads to your favourite grove. I did not interrupt his silence, but was intently meditating in what

manner I should introduce the subject I intended to talk to him upon, pleased to see him grave; no common thing with him you know; which I believed would be favourable to my purpose.

Thus silently we reached the little arbour, where with you I have so often talked over past scenes—He suddenly stopped—took my hand, and leading me into it, seated himself by me, his breast heaving with mournful sighs, while he fixed his eyes, softened into the most moving tenderness, on my face.

“Now tell me, Indiana,” said he, pressing my hand to his heart, “does not this place, once the witness of our mutual felicity, bring that thrice happy scene to your remembrance?—Here kneeling on this very spot,”—and he dropped on his knees——“I received my angel from the
“best

“best of mothers. This lovely, this now
“struggling hand, was then freely given
“—those averted eyes were not, as now,
“scornfully withdrawn—perhaps, indeed,
“with sweet confusion they might avoid
“my ardent gaze—but, ah! how amiable
“was that confusion!—ah! how different
“then was my fate! Yet why should it
“be so?” added he, with fervor. “O
“Indiana! my life, my soul!”—— and
he suddenly caught me in his arms——
“our hearts were formed for each other,
“nor shall any obstacle longer divide
“them.”

I wept—I had not power to speak—I
struggled, however, to disengage myself
from his embrace. He withdrew his arms,
and seating himself over-against me, reclined
his head on his hand.

“ You weep, my Indiana,” said he, tenderly;—and his own eyes gave testimony of their sympathy—“ so fell those gentle
“ drops, when in despair I once before besought you to pronounce my doom.”—
“ Again”—resuming his humble posture
“ —I make the same request. The divorce from my cursed engagement—I
“ will not honour it with the name of marriage—I make not the least doubt I shall
“ obtain: and to sue for one I am unalterably determined; nor am I less so on
“ death, if you refuse to give me your
“ dear promise, that you will not, when I
“ am at liberty to offer them, reject my
“ vows.”

“ Speak, Madam! Can you forget my
“ errors, my past follies, now so seriously
“ lamented? Oh! speak, my adorable
“ Indiana!

“Indiana! life of my life, indulge me in
“the fond transporting hope that I shall
“one day call thee mine! surely we were
“born for each other; never a moment
“have I ceased to love you; no, not even
“when, wretch as I was, I yielded to a
“curfed infatuation and inconstancy (in
“appearance) that fatal cause of all my
“misery. What am I to think of this
“silence?” added he, sighing. “Pity
“me, Indiana; my future conduct shall
“convince you that I live but to make you
“happy, to repair my past errors.”

“Ah! Sir,” cried I, “let us not de-
“ceive ourselves; unsurmountable bars are
“placed between us.”

“It cannot be;—cannot be!” repeated
he, with impatience. “What but your
“own cruelty can now prevent my wishes?”

“Have you forgot my vow? have you forgot your wife?” said I, with all the firmness I could assume. “I tell you, Mr. Beverly, your wishes are impossible. I cannot, must not, never will, be yours.”

He fixed his eyes on my face with such unutterable anguish—Oh! Clara, can you wonder that I pitied him?—“Never?” repeated he, after a moment’s pause—
“never?—Good heavens! you have indeed pronounced my doom!—Yet I am calm;—suffering has taught me patience;—I am no longer the frantic passionate wretch you have known me; yet I can feel, severely feel! and you, Madam, will ere long be witness to the consequence of your cruelty.—Never?” repeated he again; “and is that your unalterable resolution?”

“Indeed

“ Indeed it is, Sir,” answered I.

“ Then what a miserable wretch am I!” cried he, raising his eyes to heaven,—“ but “ I will not long be so—no ; there is still “ one remedy.”

He paused ;—and eagerly gazing at me a few moments, “ Indiana,” cried he, “ my life is in your hands. I struggle to “ command myself, but I cannot answer “ for the effects of my despair.” So saying, he precipitately left the harbour.

You must imagine (for I cannot describe the situation of my mind) it was not what he said that so much affected me; for often had he addressed me on the same subject, even with more moving eloquence ;—but the manner, the place, the recollection of past scenes, all together made an impression

on my heart to which it has long, and I once hoped ever would be a stranger.

It was a considerable time before I could get the better of my emotions. I thought I saw him still before me, with that insinuating air he knows but too well how to assume: his plaintive voice still founded in my ear: his looks, his manner,—O Clara! is it criminal to pity him?—alas; if it is, I fear your friend must plead guilty—but it is no more than pity—if I know my heart, it is not. I have taken that heart to task—I should detest myself if I found it capable of entertaining a wish—no; he is married: this divorce must not take place; if my persuasions have any weight, it shall not.

My intentions were frustrated: but I may yet find a time to plead for the fair penitent—is she not penitent?—I think

she must.—Surely the fatal consequence has ere now convinced her of her past indiscretions, and that conviction will doubtless be accompanied with remorse.

I am dubious whether a visit, as you say, would not look like an insult, or I could wish you to see her. Surely she is not so guilty as the world believes her. Can it be, my Clara? that one of her birth and education should fall so low? even her pride—adultery!—I shudder at the thought; it is a crime so monstrous, that we ought not lightly to give credit to it.

At any rate things should not, if it is possible to prevent it, be brought to an extremity—her reputation, wounded as it is, may yet be recovered, if Beverly is reconciled to her. But that once irretrievably lost, as by this threatening divorce it must,

who knows to what fatal lengths despair may drive her!

On the contrary, an unmerited pardon, if she has the least share of gratitude, must produce a reformation, and may one day render her worthy not only of her husband's love, but of the world's esteem. Oh! then, for her soul's sake, for the honour of our sex, let us omit no endeavours to bring about this important reconciliation.

I must use my influence with Mrs. Beverly to engage her in the cause. Perhaps time has abated the violence of her resentment; her son's life is no longer in danger on her account. While there were fears of that nature, the author of his misfortunes might well be an object of aversion; but now, I trust, she will listen to my suit.

What

What would I give to see this poor Beverly happy!—He once loved the faulty Caroline; her graceful person and manner have still their attractions, though she is no longer that envied thing—a beauty—nor is she deficient in good sense, though she has so fatally misapplied it.

Could we but get him to listen to reason, now he has no hopes of gaining me, which I shall take care to convince him of, may we not hope, allowing that his lady, sensible of her errors, reforms the faulty part of her conduct—may we not hope, I say, that he will one day be better reconciled to his fate? He has, he says, bid adieu to his youthful indiscretions—O that they would exchange a mutual forgiveness! and forgetting what is past, renew their union on a more lasting foundation—this is my ardent wish.

As

As for myself, my dear Clara, all I desire is, as I have often said, and now more fervently repeat, to pass through life in peaceful obscurity, unknowing and unknown.

Adieu, my friend: join your prayers to mine; that this disunited pair may ere long be more firmly than ever reunited—Believe me

Yours,

INDIANA DANBY.

LETTER

LETTER XXIV.

TO *Miss* DANBY.

YOU put me upon a melancholy task, Indiana; and that you know is not much to your Clara's taste.—But did I ever refuse my sweet friend—Let me not, however, make a merit of what my inclination, as well as yours, induced me to.

I have been to see the unhappy lady Caroline—not without Bevill's approbation—I am a mighty good spouse you know, and never forget what is due to my lord and master.

“ Shall I go ? ” said I, condescending creature that I was.

“ By

“ By all means, my dear,” answered he ;
“ women should never be too hasty in
“ abandoning each other. When once a
“ poor creature by any indiscretion loses
“ the countenance of her own sex, she is
“ thrown into the power of ours, and we
“ do not always make the most generous
“ use of it.”

Away I went, very plainly dressed. I would not for the world have appeared to insult her, either by my manner or appearance. I asked the servant if his lady was at home? The man hesitated—it is a question, I fancy, which he has not lately been troubled with. I was ushered into a parlour, and in a few minutes entered Mrs. Abigail, with her lady’s compliments, and an apology for not being able to come down to me ; but if I would be so obliging as to go up to her dressing-room, she would

would be glad of the honour of my company.

“What is your lady indisposed?” said I.

“Yes, Madam, she is indeed indisposed,” answered the woman, sighing; “nor is it to be wondered at.”

I bid her conduct me to her. She did so. I protest I was quite shocked at the miserable object that presented itself to my view! instead of the once gay and admired lady Caroline, I beheld a poor emaciated creature lying on a couch; her hair uncombed, hanging about her face; that face pale as death; her dress neglected, and her eyes almost swelled out of her head with weeping.

On my entrance she attempted to rise; but I prevented her—“No ceremony; this is a friendly visit.”

“A friend!”

“A friend!” repeated she with fervor.
“Ah! is it possible the wretched Caroline
“should still have a friend!”

“You have,” said I, “and a sympathying friend, who comes with hopes of
“alleviating your sorrows.”

“Generous, generous Mrs. Beville!”
cried she, pressing my hand, and bursting
into tears. “Ah! how little have I de-
“served this goodness from you! vile
“creature as you, no doubt, believe me
“to be! but I am not,” sobbed she, “I
“am not so very a monster as the cruel
“world represents me.”

“I hope not,” returned I, seating myself by her; “for your own sake I hope
“you are not guilty.”

“Oh!

“ Oh ! ” what avails my innocence ? ”
interrupted she in a transport of grief—“ I
“ am ruined ! my reputation is for ever
“ blasted ! Where shall I hide my shame !
“ The unkind Beverly, too ! could he make
“ no allowance for indiscretion, when his
“ own conduct—but I have no right to
“ complain—No ; even that trifling con-
“ solation is denied me. Oh ! Mrs. Be-
“ vill, I am too late fatally convinced of my
“ imprudence ; I see my errors, and detest
“ them ;—I am justly punished—I ac-
“ knowledge it—that reflection adds to my
“ misery ! Oh ! what a vain thoughtless
“ creature have I till now been !—Alas ! I
“ have learned to think, only when my
“ thoughts must be my torment !—— But
“ pity me, Mrs. Bevill.—My education,
“ the example of a too gay mother, the
“ customs of the world—Ah ! why do I
“ seek to extenuate my faults, by accusing
“ others !

“ others!—yet I wish as much as possible
“ to vindicate my conduct to her, the only
“ one whose charity has induced her to see
“ me in this forlorn, this miserable state to
“ which I am reduced !”

I endeavoured to sooth her with hopes of
happier prospects.

“ No, Mrs. Bevill,” interrupted she, in
a passion of grief, “ Flatter me not with
“ delusive hopes ! my misery, dreadful as
“ it is already, is but beginning : for am I
“ not to be publicly exposed to shame ?—
“ Publicly accused of that monstrous crime
“ adultery ?—— Oh ! dreadful, dreadful
“ thought !” added she, falling on the
couch, and bursting into a flood of tears—
“ But I will not live to be thus insulted.”

I besought her to be more composed—
I begged her to tell me ingenuously what
proofs

proofs Mr. Beverly had, or at least imagined, for the threatened divorce.

“Think not,” added I, -seeing she was
“flaming into a rage, “that female curi-
“osity dictates these questions.—I wish to
“serve you; nor am I your only friend;
“but it is necessary we should know a few
“particulars of the affair, before we can
“engage in your cause.”

She wept. “Have I then friends?”
cried she. “What! this poor, despised,
“forsaken Caroline! forsaken even by her
“parent!—that parent—but I spare the re-
“flections, which in the bitterness of my
“heart I am tempted to utter. The truly
“virtuous only know to pity the frailties
“of others!—But let me not forget your
“request;—your generous treatment de-
“serves my utmost confidence.”

“You

“ You know, madam, what a foolish,
“ what a vain, ridiculous creature I have
“ been. I take shame to myself for my too
“ late repented indiscretions. I loved Mr.
“ Beverly—yet I believe a cruel pleasure I
“ felt in rivalling a superior beauty, had
“ no small share in my solicitude to make
“ him my conquest. It is to my vanity I
“ owe my ruin. For some time, I believe
“ we both thought ourselves happy: but I
“ possessed none of those good qualities
“ which can alone preserve a husband’s
“ affections: his, in a few weeks, begun
“ visibly to abate—Indeed I am convinced
“ he had not, when he married me, in-
“ tirely conquered his former passion;
“ though I am persuaded he was not at
“ the time sensible of it.”

“ When I observed his coolness, foolish
“ creature that I was! I imagined that an
“ ap-

“ appearance of equal indifference, by
“ alarming his pride, would be the most
“ likely way to recall his attention. I en-
“ deavoured to excite his jealousy, by list-
“ ening to the insignificant gallantry of that
“ tribe of coxcombs, whose attendance I en-
“ couraged ; but this only destroyed the
“ small remains of that esteem my husband
“ once had for me.—He did not love me
“ well enough to be jealous, and was too
“ conscious of his charms,—Perhaps, too,
“ he had some little dependance on my vir-
“ tue ; therefore was under no great ap-
“ prehension that I should injure his ho-
“ nour.”

“ In the mean time, however, he despi-
“ fed me for my coquetry ; while I, poor
“ giddy creature ! went on in a thoughtless
“ round of dissipation : and finding myself
“ neglected by him, though from every
“ other man I met with admiration, I be-
“ gan

“gan in my turn to despise him for want
“of taste, and in the end experienced that
“indifference which at first I had only af-
“fected.

“Home was now become disagreeable
“to us both;—we never met, but disputes
“and jarring were the consequence.

“Weary of a life like this, he went
“abroad;—and I, unthinking creature! but
“little regretted our separation. Yet to do
“him justice——Oh! Mrs. Bevill, blush-
“ing I acknowledge it, he has a thousand
“amiable qualities; an uncommon sweet-
“ness of temper, though hasty and pas-
“sionate when provoked. Yes, let me
“own to any woman but me—I, alas!
“am born to be wretched—he would have
“made an unexceptionable husband. He
“is generous, polite, and engaging—Ah!
“but he can be cruel too, as I now fatally
“experience!

“I am

“ I am too minute, and shall tire your
“ patience ; let me hasten to the com-
“ mencement, or rather the completion, of
“ my misery. A few months ago, the cele-
“ brated Miss Draper made her appear-
“ ance. Every body launched out in praise
“ of her beauty—I wished, yet dreaded, to
“ see this celebrated thing.—She was intro-
“ duced to me.—I beheld her with that
“ envy too natural to our sex. We grew,
“ however, extremely intimate, and were
“ what the world calls friends and insepa-
“ rables : she had a lover.”

Lady Caroline here paused, and wiped
her eyes— “ Lord G——,” continued
she ; “ you have seen him, Mrs. Bevill.
“ But it was not the charms of his person
“ or conversation that attracted my regard
“ —the preference he gave Miss Draper
“ alarmed my vanity.—I spared no arts to
“ rival her in his heart, and that with no
“ other view but to mortify the haughty
VOL. III. K “ beauty,

“ beauty, who dared to triumph over me
“ by her superior charms. Whether my
“ advances encouraged him, or that he
“ was unsuccessful in his former pursuit,
“ I know not ; but it is too certain he
“ at last solely attached himself to me. I
“ was delighted with this, perhaps imagi-
“ nary, conquest, believing I had mortified
“ my too lovely rival. Dearly did she make
“ me pay for that mortification, since it is
“ to her the town is indebted for those scan-
“ dalous stories, which she took malicious
“ pains to propagate at my expence. I
“ heard, but thought them below my notice.
“ When my friends advised me to break
“ off my intimacy with lord G——, I an-
“ swered, like a thoughtless creature ! that
“ I despised the censure of the world. My
“ heart acquits me, said I, and that is suf-
“ ficient. Ah ! those who are so regard-
“ less of the public’s opinion, justly deserve
“ its censure. Miss Draper’s revenge did
“ not

“ not stop here. Mr. Beverly returned from
“ abroad. She took care he should be in-
“ formed of my supposed intrigue with lord
“ G ——. But this was not all—that noble-
“ man had, it seems, a real one with a
“ young girl, whom from motives of cha-
“ rity I had taken to live with me as a kind
“ of companion. This creature Miss Draper
“ had secured in her interest. Her first in-
“ structions were only to watch me. Lord
“ G ——’s visits were more than usually
“ frequent, not so much on my account as
“ hers. The servants, whom nothing of
“ that nature can escape, soon discovered
“ their intimacy, and by their means it
“ came to Miss Draper’s knowledge, for
“ she had more spies than one in my
“ family. She taxed the creature with
“ her fault, who confessed the charge.
“ A most diabolical plot was then form-
“ ed between them to ruin me; which
“ was, that lord G —, on pretence of my
“ being to sleep from home, was to be ad-

“mitted to a private interview with the
“wretch at my house. Mean time, Mr.
“Beverly was informed by an anonymous
“letter, that if he chose to be convinced
“of the truth of those reports which were
“spread to my disadvantage, he had only
“to go to his house on such a night.
“You are to observe, Mrs. Bevill, that
“though I had seen him two or three
“times since his return, our meeting had
“been attended with so many reproaches
“on both sides, that we parted in high
“displeasure; he taking lodgings for him-
“self, swearing never again to enter his
“house till he had taken measures to make
“me quit it. But to return—He was di-
“rected to be at his house at such an hour;
“there to remain concealed, till Jenny (that
“is the wretch’s name) at a proper time con-
“ducted him to my apartment, where he
“would be an eye-witness of my infidelity.
“That fatal night I had been at lady
“B—’s rout, and did not return till late.
“Lord

“ Lord G—— was already in bed in my
“ room——they had given him a sleeping
“ draught, as I suspect from what follow-
“ ed. The vile Jenny had early dismissed
“ the other servants, telling them she
“ would sit up for me. I returned about
“ two o’clock in the morning—The wick-
“ ed creature opened the door—I was sur-
“ prised ; and, with great good nature, Is
“ it you, my dear Jenny ? said I : what
“ in the name of fortune could tempt you
“ to sit up so late ? Where are my ser-
“ vants ? I hope you will not be angry,
“ Madam,” said the artful creature, “ I was
“ engaged in reading a very interesting
“ novel, and so thought I would sit up and
“ finish it, and therefore sent them to bed.
“ O, very well,” returned I ! “ I am
“ glad it was your own choice ; I feared
“ they had imposed on your good nature.
“ She took the light, and I followed her
“ to my apartment, where she assisted to
“ undress

“undress me : but before she had quite
“finished, on some pretence she left the
“room. I was just on the point of step-
“ing into bed, when my door opened,
“and in came the abandoned wretch, fol-
“lowed by Mr. Beverly. She hurried out
“as he entered. I was surprised, but at that
“moment not alarmed at his visit. He
“darted a look of rage and disdain ; when,
“approaching the bed, he drew back the
“curtains, and to my horror and amaze-
“ment discovered lord G— who was still
“in a profound sleep. I screamed, and
“sunk into a chair almost lifeless. My
“footman was at that moment going to his
“room ; Jenny stood at the door of my
“apartment.”

‘ Good heavens !’ exclaimed she, on
hearing my cries, as the man afterwards
told me,—‘ there are certainly thieves in my
‘ lady’s apartment !’

“ At

“ At this, the man, without consider-
“ ing the impropriety of coming into my
“ bed-chamber, bolted in, as did likewise
“ the wench. All this was in an instant :
“ for Mr. Beverly still stood with the
“ curtain in his hand. He turned round
“ at the noise they made in coming in—
‘ Be gone !’ cried he to the footman ;
‘ rascal, what business have you here ?’
“ The fellow slunk off. He then came up
“ to me, with a look that made me trem-
“ ble”—‘ As for you ! Madam,’—he paus-
ed—‘ but I despise you too much—you are
‘ below my revenge.’ “ I cast myself at
“ his feet. Thus humbly on my knees,
“ cried I, weeping, I implore your pity !
“ —Hear me, Sir ! by all that is good and
“ sacred, strong as appearances are against
“ me, I swear I am not guilty !” ‘ Not
‘ guilty !’ interrupted he, contemptuously
spurning me from him,—‘ out of my sight,
‘ thou vile abandoned woman, lest I forget

‘ what I owe to your sex—see! your cowardly paramour does not join in your falsehood; but I shall find a time to make him answer as my injured honour demands.’

“ So saying, he hastily flung out of the room.—I cast myself on the floor—I raved—I tore my hair—and for near an hour was almost distracted. Lord G—

“ at last awoke——never was amazement equal to his, when he saw me, and the condition I was in!” ‘ Good God!’ cried he—‘ where am I?—What do I see!’

“ You see,” returned I, with a look of anguish, “ the wretch whom your infernal plot has reduced to misery, shame and despair! Villain!” continued I, raising my voice, “ what have I done that you should thus conspire my ruin? Clear my innocence!” added I, almost frantic with rage and grief—“ this moment clear my innocence! Again I cast myself on the floor—His astonishment increased”

‘ You

‘—You amaze me! Madam,’ said he;
‘I neither have, nor meant to injure you.’

“Not injured me!” cried I, starting up
in a fury. “Monster! what then brought
“you here?”

‘Compose yourself, dear Madam,’ said
he:—‘I beseech you have a little patience;
‘and I will tell you all.’

“I made no answer, and he proceeded
“to give me some of the particulars I have
“related to you. I could hardly contain
“myself while he was speaking—— he
“ended with a thousand apologies, and as
“many promises of clearing me to Mr.
“Beverly, who he said would be brought
“to hear reason when the first transports of
“his rage were abated.”

“I made no answer, but violently rung
“the bell. The footman I before men-
“tioned, (who was the only person awake

“ in my house, the other servants rooms be-
“ ing at so great a distance from mine that
“ that they heard nothing of the uproar in
“ my apartment) he, I say, came to the
“ door, and in a faltering voice asked, did
“ I want him? Where is that infernal
“ monster Jenny?” cried I. “ She went out
“ at the same time with my master, Madam.”
“ Heaven and earth! exclaimed I, then
“ am I indeed compleatly ruined! I ran
“ almost distracted into another room,
“ locked the door, and flung myself on the
“ bed in a situation of mind easier to be
“ imagined than described. Next morn-
“ ing, my maid, a faithful creature, knock-
“ ed at my door—I refused to admit her;
“ nor could her most earnest entreaties pre-
“ vail on me to open it the whole day—
“ a miserable day, spent in tears, without
“ tasting the least refreshment. Late at
“ night she again came to the door.—
“ Madam! Madam! for heaven’s sake give
“ me

‘ me leave to speak with you.— I have sad
‘ news!—But you must know it.’ “What
“ news?” exclaimed I, rising, and letting
her in—“Speak!”—for she trembled, and
“looked as pale as death.” ‘O Madam!
‘ my master’——“What of your master?”
interrupted I, wildly. ‘Alas! Madam, he
‘ is killed in a duel, and poor lord G— is
‘ little better.’ “Killed!” repeated I,
clasping my hands—“I could say no more,
“but fell senseless into her arms—with
“difficulty she recovered me.”

The post is just going out, I am impatient to have you receive this account; and think you may at a convenient opportunity, shew it to Beverly; perhaps it may facilitate the reconciliation. Surely poor lady Caroline is innocent! I pity her from my heart.

Yours,

CLARA BEVILL.

LETTER XXV.

TO MRS. BEVILL.

THANK heaven! poor lady Caroline is not then unworthy of our friendship and pity. But oh! my dear, perhaps she may be saved from the divorce without our interposition; another more effectual method is threatened. Beverly is dangerously ill; his life was yesterday almost despaired of. To-day, indeed, they give us some faint hopes. Good heavens! how deeply am I affected! for have I not reason to believe myself in some measure the cause?

During his delirium, from which he is now a little recovered, he never ceased repeating my name; and movingly, in incoherent language did he complain of my cruelty. Mrs. Beverly is almost distracted
with

with grief: she accuses me of insensibility; yet in a manner so tender, that I cannot be offended at her unjust reproaches.

“Why would you thus drive my poor Harry to despair?” said she this morning. “Ah! Indiana; had you no regard to his poor suffering mother? If I lose him, my only earthly joy, then indeed, shall I go sorrowing to my grave.” I wept. “Dear Madam, how you distress me; I have it not in my power, or how cheerfully”—“Not in your power!” interrupted she with impatience; “what should now prevent you to give him hopes, at least, that he may one day be happy? He will soon be at liberty to indulge his passion for you without a crime. A divorce from such a cause is authorized by heaven. O Indiana! my child, as I have ever delighted to call you, why will you not give me a title to the endearing name of mother?”

I em-

I embraced her—"Ah! would to heaven
"it were possible! But on such terms—"
"Terms!" repeated she. "But you
"do well: those affected scruples are a
"good excuse. I see my poor son has not
"yet obtained his pardon for his incon-
"stancy and indiscretions; but he will not
"long, perhaps, stand in need of your
"pity."

She turned from me, wiping her eyes.
What could I say? your letter was not
then arrived: and without some proof in
her favour, it was no time to plead for the
unfortunate Caroline. Heaven knows,
could we even produce the most undoubted
testimony of her innocence, whether it
would have the desired effect on Mr. Be-
verly. Alas! I was born not only to be
miserable myself, but to be the cause of it
in others.

Mamma

Mamma has just left me. The bishop of * * *, Mr. Brathwait's patron, and a distant relation of our family, is come to pay us a visit—my mother came to give me notice of it. “Now, my dear Indiana,” said she, after informing me who was below, “will you give me leave to ask his opinion in regard to your vow? You pay the less deference to Mr. Brathwait, because you fear he may be prejudiced by his friendship for me: but here there can be no prepossession, the bishop shall not even know the case is yours, which we submit to his decision: I will put it as that of one of my acquaintance. I shall tell him indeed of the uneasiness it gives to a most affectionate parent. What say you, my dear?” “I am all submission, Madam,” returned I. “But will you abide by his decision?” cried she, earnestly. “Yes,” said I, sighing; “and may heaven direct his judgment in an
5 “ affair

“ affair which to me is of the utmost consequence !” “ Enough, my loved child,”
“ cried she ; compose yourself, and follow
“ me to the good man ; I will take care to
“ introduce the subject in a proper manner.”

So saying, she left me.— O Clara ! how I am agitated ! Should his decision be agreeable to the wishes of my friends, I dread the consequences that may follow ! But if, on the contrary, he should pronounce it binding, then shall I no longer be persecuted with their well-meant but distressing solicitude for what they call my happiness. Strange ! that they should think a single life so incompatible with *that*. I would not the lords of the creation, as my Clara often calls them, should know we give them so much consequence.

But adieu ! I am summoned to appear before my judge. I really feel as if I was
going

going to my trial. O Clara! how soon will my fate be decided! I know not what to wish.—May heaven direct me for the best.

IN CONTINUATION.

It is past—your Indiana is once more at liberty, at least they would persuade me so—But ah! what a load do I find at my heart; let me endeavour to recollect some of those unanswerable, those pious arguments, by which the reverend casuist removed my scruples, and gained his cause. It would be too tedious, nor can my memory retain all that he said on the subject.

It is sufficient for the present to tell you, he convinced me, that to one in my situation, such a vow might be dispensed with, as it was so contrary to the inclination of my parent.

“ The

“The scripture;” said he, “pronounces
“it void, if a father disallows it. Now,”
continued he, “in that command, *honour thy*
“*father and thy mother*, there is no distinc-
“tion made — duty and obedience is as
“strictly enjoined to the mother, as to the
“father; therefore I presume a mother’s
“authority must in this case likewise be of
“equal force.”

But, my dear Clara, the bishop has
promised to give me in writing the sub-
stance of what he said on the subject, that I
may have recourse to it, if scruples should
at any time arise in my mind. I will send
you a copy of it, and need not therefore
attempt a repetition of his arguments.

You may imagine with what transport
my dear mamma listened to him: Mrs. Be-
verly was no less delightedly attentive.
When he had finished his discourse, which
lasted near half an hour, the former arose,
and

and tenderly pressing me in her arms, “at
“last, my dear child, heaven has heard
“my prayers. You promised to abide by
“this gentleman’s decision: he has fully
“absolved you from that fatal vow, which
“has been the source of so much uneasiness
“to your affectionate mother. And now,
“my Indiana,” continued she, again folding
me in her arms, “I can indeed em-
“brace you with joy.”

“Let me too,” cried Mrs. Beverly,
“congratulate my niece, on this happy oc-
“casion.”

I returned their caresses—but what cause
after all, my dear Clara, was there for this
violent joy?—Alas! my heart refused to
bear a part in it. I endeavoured, how-
ever, for the sake of my amiable parent, to
conceal its emotions; but spite of all my
efforts, tears would force a passage from
my

my down-cast eyes.—I turned from them, and wiped off the silent drops of sorrow.

“One thing yet remains to be done,” resumed mamma. “Where, my dear In-diana, is that fatal paper, the cause of so much grief?”

With trembling reluctance I produced it.

“Now, my love,” said she, “to compel the sacrifice you have made to filial duty, let me see you chearfully commit it to the flames.”

“You shall be obeyed, Madam,” returned I, in a faltering voice. Then falling on my knees, my eyes fervently raised to heaven: “O thou almighty being,” continued I, “unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, thou knowest with what sincerity I dedicated myself to thee, a willing though unworthy sacrifice. But
“since

“ since my vow has been displeasing to my
“ earthly parent, whom thou hast strictly
“ commanded me to honour and obey, I
“ beseech thee, O heavenly father, to ab-
“ solve me from it; and if I have not of-
“ fended by the breach of it, grant me thy
“ peace, which alone can compose my
“ troubled mind.”

I arose, and with a trembling hand threw
the paper into the fire.—“ It is done!”
cried I, clasping my hands: “ heaven
“ only knows what may be the conse-
“ quence!”

“ The consequence be on my head,” said
the bishop, taking my hand, “ and the
“ blessing of the Almighty, together with
“ mine, on yours.”

I pressed his hand between mine: “ A-
“ men,” said I, fervently.—“ Amen,”
repeated mamma and Mrs. Beverly.

I begged

I begged leave to retire——“Go,” said the Marchioness, “my dear child, and endeavour to compose yourself. Reflect on the happiness you have given your friends; reflect, too, that you have acted conformable to your duty. Let this, my Indiana, be your consolation.” I curtsied, and withdrew.

Oh! my loved Clara, what have I done! I must lay down my pen, to recollect the bishop’s pious arguments: I have great need of them, to fortify my mind against those rising doubts and fears—Rather let me pour out my heart to that merciful being, who knows with what sincerity I have ever strove to conform to his sacred will. Adieu!

Yours,

INDIANA DANBY.

LETTER

LETTER XXVI.

TO *Miss* DANBY.

JOY, joy, my sweet friend. Away
with your needless doubts and fears—
Hang sorrow and cast away care.

But come thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne;
And in thy right hand bring with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet liberty.

Indiana, my dear Indiana, does not your
heart dance to the sound of that enlivening
word? Thank heaven you are once more
restored to it.

Now could I almost be tempted to form
a wicked wish, that lady Caroline—I dare
not utter it—Poor Beverly!—you under-
stand me, child.

Well

Well, positively, at best your fate is but a wayward one ; for I see not that he is one jot nearer the accomplishment of his wishes than he was before—He will find one solid comfort ; his eternal wife will last as long as heart could wish—and longer too.

But how is he ?—I am seriously concerned for his illness. Have you yet found an opportunity of shewing him my epistle ?—What are now his sentiments of his help-mate ?—Does he begin to relent ? I had a hundred thousand questions to ask you—but my lordly husband will take no denial ; he has engaged me to dine with lady Betty Wrottesley, a relation of his, who is lately come to town—these men ! my dear—Well ; since I must go, let me even do it with a good grace.

What a scrap of a letter is here ! when I meant to send you half a quire at least :
but

but you know who you have to blame for it. I will leave you to punish him for so soon depriving you of my entertaining and improving conversation.

Again?—teazing creature!—in spite of his hurry he did not forget to bid me present his best wishes—I shall do no such thing—he sees what I am writing, and is struggling to get the pen that he may speak for himself—even let him take it.

Mr. BEVILL writes.

YOU see, Madam, how I am used by this perverse Clara: but since she will not, I must assure you of the interest I take in your happiness. May an event so long, so ardently wished for by your friends, be productive of the highest felicity both to you and them! I am, dear Madam,

Your respectful humble servant,

JOHN BEVILL.

VOL. III.

L

Mrs.

Mrs. BEVILL writes.

NOTHING like speaking to the purpose, or to what purpose does one speak?—I insisted on signing my name to this notable epistle, though there is no great cause to be fond of owning it—but I thought it stood in need of that to recommend it to your favour.—Here it goes then.

CLARA BEVILL.

LETTER

LETTER XXVII.

TO MRS. BEVILL.

MR. BEVERLY is so well recovered as to be able to leave his apartment. I saw him this morning for the first time since the commencement of his illness. He seemed tolerably composed, and avoided any thing particular in his behaviour to me—nor did he appear to put any constraint on himself. Even his eyes seem to have forgot their usual tender languish—indeed he scarce once looked at me—I hope his pride, which is visibly piqued at my behaviour, will at length get the better of his passion. At length, do I fly?—Is it not vanity in me to suppose that passion not already conquered.

Mrs.

Mrs. Beverly's joy at his recovery is a little damped by your letter, which I have shewn her. I believe she was not without hopes that a certain now impossible union would in time take place. She read it with emotion—"and do you believe this "plausible tale?" said she, returning it to me.

"I know not, Madam," answered I; "but I think it has the appearance of "truth."

"It may be so," cried she, a little peevishly; "perhaps she is not guilty as to "the act, but her intentions—Vile wo-
"man! who can clear her from that? and
"where is the great difference? I cannot
"think of her with patience. Miserable,
"at best, is the fate of my poor Harry!"

I durst

I durst not at that time urge her further on the subject ; nor do I know when it will be proper to communicate the contents of your letter to Mr. Beverly. Will it not look officious in me ? What right have I to intermeddle in an affair of this delicate nature too ?— Yet if I should incur his displeasure, that displeasure will assist our cause ; since the less regard he has for me, the more prospect is there of his consenting to a reconciliation with his lady.

Be gone, then, every selfish consideration ! let me endeavour to do justice to her I have involuntarily injured. Perhaps her own conduct alone would have alienated her husband's affections ! that alters not the case : I still have no right to them, and must in honour do all in my power to extinguish this guilty passion.

I pro-

I promised to send you a copy of what the bishop said on a late important occasion. I desire you will read it and give me your opinion. I will fetch it from the library.—Adieu for a few moments.

IN CONTINUATION.

I was a little fluttered on meeting Mr. Beverly there—he was reading Seneca—
“Are you going to turn philosopher?”
said I, smiling.

“I am attempting it, Madam,” answered he coolly, without looking at me;
“and, if it be possible, one of the stoical
“tribe too,” added he, with a half-smothered sigh.

“I wish you success,” returned I.

“You, Madam, at least, have no reason to
“think the task will prove a difficult one.”

“How

“How so? pray.”

“Because even you, soft and susceptible
“as the female heart is said to be, have
“found it so easy.”

“I fear I do not deserve this compli-
“ment, Mr. Beverly.”

“Compliment, Madam, you have ra-
“ther put a too favourable construction on
“my words: I am honest enough to ac-
“knowledge I did not mean it as such.”

“I am the less obliged to you, Sir! but
“you find I had modesty enough to decline
“it.”

“And yet,” said he, sighing, “there
“was but too much justice in the remark.
“O Indiana!” and he wildly snatched my
hand, “have you not, can you deny that you
“have, a most savage unrelenting heart?”

“You

“ You are rude, Sir,” frowning, and withdrawing my hand.

“ Pardon me, lovely, cruel, obdurate, “ insensible, bewitching, dangerous, charming !” gradually raising his voice at every epithet.

He flung the book from him, and started from his seat. I was alarmed, and hastened towards the door.—He caught hold of my gown. “ You must not leave me,” said he, softening his voice into tenderness; “ let me but ease my labouring heart of “ this load of grief with which it is oppressed—that done, the busy thing shall “ rest within its cell, and never beat again “ to the soft alarms of love.”

End of the THIRD VOLUME.



H. J. ...